

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY JOHN W. S. HOWS.

No. LXV.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK :

M DOUGLAS, 11 SPRUCE ST., PUBLISHER,

AND FOR SALE BY

BERFORD & CO., 2 ASTOR HOUSE;

Stringer & Townsend, and H. Long & Brother, New York; Redding & Co. and Hotchkiss & Co., Boston; S. G. Sherman, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia; Wm. Taylor & Co., Baltimore; Amos Head, Charleston; J. H. Pierce, Wilmington, N. C.; J. B. Rusconi, New Orleans; E. Burson and Jones, Cincinnati; M. P. Morse, Pittsburgh; D. M. Dewey, Rochester; A. Burke, Buffalo; Wm. Adam, Washington, D. C.

PRICE 12½ CENTS

THE OPERATIC LIBRARY.

The undersigned have now in course of publication, uniform with the "MODERN STANDARD" and "MINOR DRAMAS," a complete series of all the Operas, Italian and English, that are likely to be played in the United States. In all cases, the Italian and English versions have been carefully revised, and, in many instances, new translations have been procured, thus rendering this not only the most correct edition ever published, but, at the same time, handsome, uniform, and cheap.

The following have already been published;

1. The Favorite,*	Donizetti.
2. The Night-Dancers,*	Loder.
3. Norma,	Bellini.
4. The Somnambulist,*	Bellini.
5. Lucrezia Borgia,	Donizetti.
6. Il Barbiere di Siviglia,	Rossini.
7. Maid of Artois,*	Balfe.
8. Elixir of Love,*	Donizetti.
9. Beatrice di Tenda,	Bellini.
10. La Sonnambula,	Bellini.
11. Anna Bolena,	Donizetti.
12. Lucia di Lammermoor,	Donizetti.
13. Il Furioso,	Donizetti.
14. L'Elisir D'Amore,	Donizetti.
15. Fra Diavolo,*	Auber.
16. La Favourita,	Donizetti.
17. Semiramide,	Rossini.
18. La Gazza Ladra,	Donizetti.
19. Ernani,	Verdi.
20. Don Pasquale,	Donizetti.
21. Il Giuramento,	Mercadante.
22. La Gemma,	Donizetti.
23. Linda of Chamouni,*	Bellini.
24. Romeo e Giulietta,	Zingarelli.
25. I Capuletti e Montecchi,	Bellini.
26. I Lombardi,	Verdi.
27. Roberto Devereux,	Donizetti.
28. Nabucodonosor,	Verdi.
29. Don Giovanni,	Mozart.
30. The Enchantress,*	Balfe.
31. Marino Faliero,	Donizetti.

* Those marked with asterisks are English only.

WM. TAYLOR & Co.,
151 Nassau St., Corner of Spruce.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY JOHN W. S. HOWS.

No. LXX.

TOWN AND COUNTRY,

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.



NEW YORK :

DOUGLAS, 11 SPRUCE ST., PUB

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

PR5097
M5T6
1848

Salmonella typhimurium

NOV 24 1916

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE comedies of Morton were the delight of the last age, and notwithstanding the mutations that have occurred in theatrical taste, his productions continue to be attractive on the stage; when casts of sufficient excellence can be collected, requisite for giving due effect to his creations. The radical change, however, that has taken place in the taste of our modern race of play-goers, has shorn Morton of much of his once universally acknowledged supremacy as a dramatist. The modern critic sees nothing in the productions of the veteran play-wright but extravagance of character, and platitudes of false sentimentality. Being ourselves a kind of connecting link between the old and the new school of the drama, we confess to having a lingering partiality for the rich and fertile combination of vivid dramatic interest, with the strong contrasts of character, which Morton so skilfully exhibits in all his productions. Even his most glaring defect, we mean his sentimentality, finds an excuse with us, as being like the defects of Shakspeare, rather the consequence of the age in which he wrote, than the natural discrepancies of the author's own imaginings.

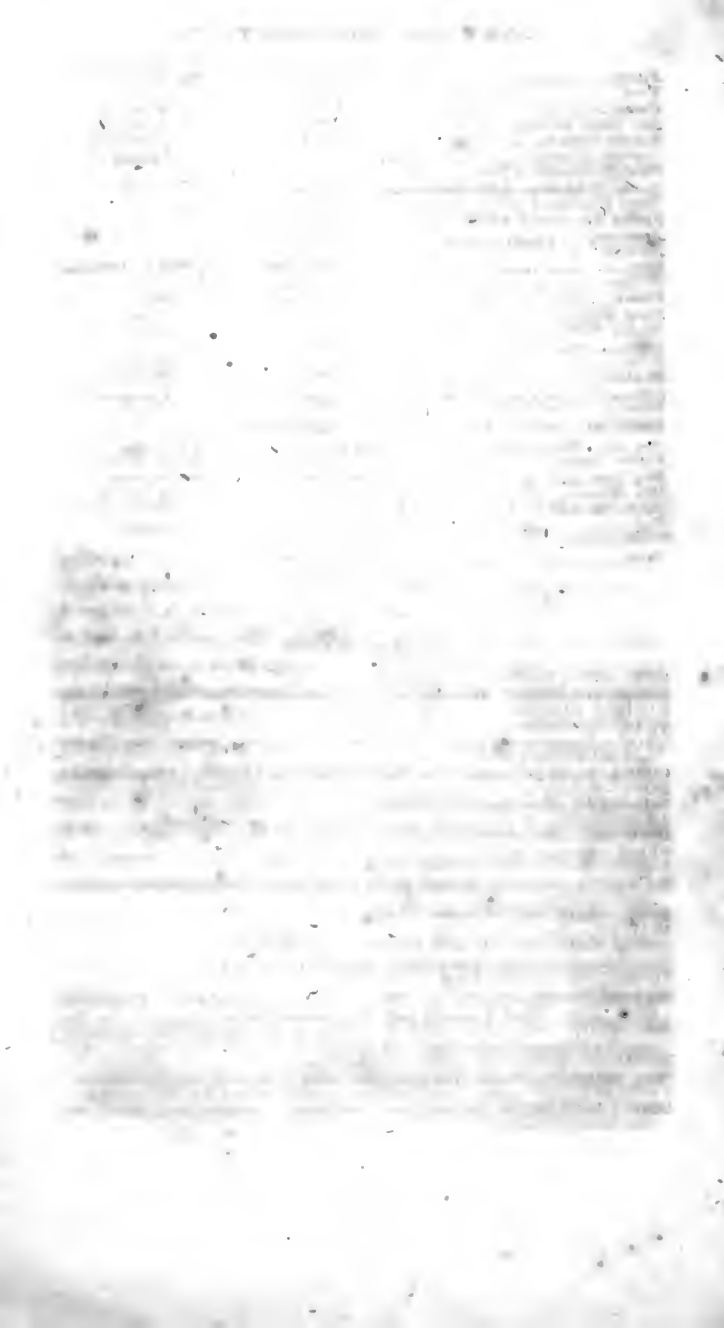
English comedy in the time of Morton, was just emerging from the lachrymose style, introduced by Kelly, and followed up by Cumberland and others; and its first transition was into the more objectionable school of German sentimentality, rendered attractive as it was by deep pathos and romantic incidents. Morton saw the strong leaning of the public taste, and constructed his comedies in accordance with the prevailing tone then given to all dramatic compositions. Hence the overwrought sentiment and false views of life, which in our "matter of fact age" excite either ridicule or disgust in modern audiences. There is still, however, character enough in all Morton's comedies, to enable them to keep possession of the stage for years to come. It is true that the eccentricities and the peculiar distinctiveness of English character this author delighted in portraying, are

fast disappearing, if they are not wholly extinguished. The progressive spirit of the age, is decidedly levelling in its character: not only does it amalgamate distinctive classes, but it merges idiosyncracies of character into one species of level uniformity, under the influence of the general intelligence now pervading all classes of the community; and thus Morton's characters, which, in a past age, were the embodiments of a class, or the representatives of some well recognised existing eccentricity, find little sympathy from readers or audiences of our utilitarian times.

Town and Country was among the least successful productions of this prolific dramatist. The admirable acting of John Kemble in the part of *Reuben Glenroy*, is supposed to have saved the piece. Although we should think that the character of old *Cosey* in the hands of Fawcett, together with the array of talent combined in the original cast, must have materially aided the effect Kemble produced in his delineation of the hero, however powerful may have been his individual exertions.

This comedy, apart from the defects we have noticed as being the characteristics of Morton's plays, is a very pleasing production; the plot is full of dramatic incident, although it violates probability. *Reuben Glenroy*, the hero, is a noble fellow, too chivalrous, as the world now goes, but still popular on the stage, where we love to applaud the virtue and generosity we practically condemn in actual life. The dramatic colouring of *Reuben* is heightened in its effect by the tinge of eccentricity, caught by a life of rural retirement in the seclusion of the wild mountainous country of Wales. *Old Cosey*, the wealthy old stock-broker, philanthropic, munificent, and, withal, most humourously eccentric, could not, now-a-days, find his counterpart on 'Change or in Wall Street, but as an ideal character he is infinitely amusing on the stage, and we believe might have existed in reality some "sixty years ago," in the purlieus of the Stock Market. *Trot*, the cotton-spinner, is another picture of a bye-gone age—caricatured, no doubt, but forming an admirable contrast to *Cosey*. *Hawbuck* is the stereotyped Yorkshire lout, common to the stage; and the other characters are but common-place. Yet they serve to complete a picture at once agreeable and interesting.

H.



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Convent Garden.</i>	<i>Broadway, 1818.</i>
<i>Plastic</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.	Mr. Dawson.
<i>Trot</i>	" Blanchard.	" Vache.
<i>Cozey</i>	" Fawcett.	" Blake.
<i>Rev. Owen Glenroy</i>	" Murray.	" Fredericks.
<i>Reuben Glenroy</i>	" Kemble.	" Vandenhoff.
<i>Captain Glenroy</i>	" Brunton.	" Fleming.
<i>First Tradesman, a Tailor</i>	" Lea.	
<i>Second Tradesman, a Shoemaker</i>	" Wilde.	
<i>Third Tradesman, a Stick-Seller</i>	" Sergeant.	
<i>Fourth Tradesman, a Milliner</i>	" Menage.	
<i>Armstrong</i> } <i>Clerks to Trot,</i>	" Waddy.	
<i>Dwindle</i> }	" Abbot.	
<i>Ross</i>	" Creswell.	" D. C. Anderson.
<i>Williams</i>	" King.	
<i>Evans</i>	" Truman.	" Gallot.
<i>First Waiter</i>	" Treby.	" Wright.
<i>Second Waiter</i>	" Field.	" Watson.
<i>Stilt</i>	" Beverly.	
<i>Robin</i>	" Atkins.	" Hamilton.
<i>Hawbuck</i>	" Emory.	" Hadaway.
<i>Robert, Servant to Mrs. Glenroy</i>	" Jeffries.	" Thompson.
<i>Thomas, Servant to Trot</i>	" Platt.	" Wright.
<i>Postillion</i>	" T. Blanchard.	
<i>Hon. Mrs. Glenroy</i>	Mrs. Glover.	Miss Telbin.
<i>Rosalie Somers</i>	Miss Brunton.	Miss F. Wallack.
<i>Mrs. Trot</i>	Mrs. Mattocks.	Mrs Sergeant.
<i>Mrs. Moreen</i>	" Davenport.	" Winstanley.
<i>Goody Hawbuck</i>	" Emory.	" Chapman.
<i>Taffline</i>	Miss Tyrer.	" Boulard.
<i>Waiting Maid</i>	Miss Cox.	
<i>Nurse</i>	Mrs. Whitmore.	

Villagers and Dancers.

COSTUMES.

REV. OWEN GLENROY.—Black suit.
REUBEN GLENROY.—Drab cloth shooting-jacket, striped waistcoat, buff breeches
CAPTAIN GLENROY.—Scarlet regimentals.
PLASTIC.—Modern suit.
TROT.—*First dress* :—Light blue cloth suit, lined with silk. *Second dress* :—Brown coat and breeches, steel buttons.
COSEY.—Brown coat and waistcoat, figur'd buttons—black velvet breeches, jack bouts.
ROSS.—Mixture coat and breeches, scarlet waistcoat, speckled stockings.
WILLIAMS.—Countryman's smart suit.
ARMSTRONG.—Brown lapelled coat, buff waistcoat, and breeches.
DWINDLE.—Plum-coloured coat, waistcoat, and breeches.
STILT.—Modern suit.
ROBIN.—Fustian jacket, striped waistcoat, buff breeches.
HAWBUCK.—Brown livery coat, scarlet waistcoat, blue plush breeches—countryman's smart suit.
FOUR TRADESMEN.—Modern clothes.
WAITER.—Modern suit.
ROBERT.—Livery jacket, scarlet waistcoat, white breeches.
THOMAS.—Brown coat, blue plush breeches, scarlet waistcoat.
POSTILLION.—Scarlet jacket, buff breeches, striped waistcoat.
MRS. GLENROY.—*First dress* :—Travelling dress. *Second dress* :—Fashionable dinner dress. *Third dress* :—White muslin morning-dress.
MRS. TROT.—*First dress* :—Neat white puffed dress. *Second dress* :—an extra vagantly fashionable satin dress.
ROSALIE.—White muslin frock, neat straw bonnet.
MRS. MOREEN.—Brown silk gown, white muslin apron, neat cap, black mittens.
TAFFLINE.—The simple dress of a Welsh girl—round black hat, blue stockings.
GOODY HAWBUCK.—A Chintz gown, white apron, red cloak, black bonnet, mittens, shoes and buckles.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Romantic Country.—Large Cotton Manufactory—Canal, with wheels in motion, occupying the foreground—a Gentleman's House in the distance—in the back-ground a mountain—porters are carrying bales of cotton, from R. to L.*

Enter TROT, ARMSTRONG, and DWINDLE, from Counting-House, L.

Trot. Let me see—goods sent by canal—very fine order indeed—by waggon, capital—now, Armstrong, when I'm in London, where I am going, heaven knows, against my will, I shall rely on your activity and care.

1st Clerk. Will you? you had better not; I'm sure, when you are gone, I sha'n't be half so careful, nor half so honest.

Trot. You won't?

1st Clerk. No, nor will any of us.

Trot. That's candid, however.

Arm. Now you are with us, every morning we hear you say, well done, my worthy fellows, and that does our hearts good; and then we say, long life to Mr. Trot, our worthy master, and that does your heart good.

Dwin. [*Aside to Trot.*] Perhaps, sir, your wife wishes to go to London, and if so—

Trot. [*Aside.*] That's it.

Arm. Then why leave us, sir?

Trot. I hardly know how to make you comprehend. You are not married, Armstrong, are you?

Arm. Oh, no, sir! [*Jumping up with vivacity.*

Trot. Well, damn it, you need not jump so. You can stand still, I suppose, though you are not married. You are, Dwindle?

Dwin. Oh, yes, sir!

Trot. You see how quietly he behaves. [*Aside to Dwin.*] I say, explain it to him—you know the old excuses—
weaker sex—pleasure of pleasing—nervous sensibility—
quiet life—smoky chimney—

Dwin. Oh, yes, sir, I know—

Trot. There, go, go—I'll follow you to the counting-house.
[*Exeunt Clerks, L.*]

Enter ROBIN, R., with two parcels.

What have you there, Robin?

Robin. This, sir, contains a gross of gentlemen's cravats.

Trot. And the small one?

Robin. The same number of ladies' dresses, sir.

Trot. Ha! ha! go along—you are a queer fellow, Robin!

Robin. [*Looking out, R.*] Here's a chaise, sir.

Trot. Oh, I suppose somebody coming to pay me a large sum.

Robin. Four horses.

Trot. That's more like somebody coming to borrow. Why, 'tis my son-in-law, Charles Plastic—Run and tell my wife. [*Exit Robin, L.*] He has come from London, happy fellow! but I'm going to it.

Enter PLASTIC, R.

Ah, Charles, I'm glad to see you.

Plas. Thank you. Well, father-in-law, how are the extensive works, the machinery, and—my mother?

Trot. Why, the water-wheels, the spinning jennys, and your mother, twirl about pretty brisk, and make about as much noise as usual. And how is your health, Charles?

Plas. Low.

Trot. Your purse?

Plas. Empty.

Trot. Ah! all occasioned by neglecting my advice.

Plas. All occasioned by following it.

Trot. Come, that must be a glorious falsehood.

Plas. A most humiliating truth—for proof, now, your first admonition to me was—never tamely to submit to an insult.

Trot. To be sure.

Plas. I resented the first I received, and had a bullet lodged in this shoulder, which I am told will plague me all my life.

Trot. Well, but did you obey my next instruction, never to let a friend in distress want assistance?

Plas. Religiously.

Trot. Well, and the consequence was—

Plas. That I went to jail instead of my friends, and had the felicity of leaning my cheek against the iron bars, and see them drive past in their curricles, so full of feeling, kind souls, they could not lift up their eyes to behold the man who put the reins in their hands. No, no, your Utopian theory won't assimilate with Bond-street practice; a man must now wear his understanding, as he does his clothes, according to the last new fashion: so behold Charles Plastic, no longer called a dupe; but, by the assent of the whole town, the best fellow in the world.

Trot. The best fellow in the world! but how did you contrive to make everybody so delighted with you?

Plas. Simply by making every one delighted with himself; ingeniously withdrawing my opinion to make room for that of others; and raising the laugh against myself, and by that means preventing the rest of the world from doing so; and thus the best fellow in the world may either play the devil with impunity, or have credit for practising the cardinal virtues, without even knowing their names.—But where is my lady mother all this while? oh, she's here.

Enter MRS. TROT, from House, l.

Mrs. T. My dear Charles—well, is all prepared?—the new London house?

Plas. Is unique, splendid, and capacious: and at your command; it's doors, like flood-gates, will open and receive the full tide of fashion.

Mrs. T. Charming—let us away!

Trot. But I don't know the fashionable folks in London, except some in the cotton line.

Plas. My dear sir, don't be uneasy: formerly, indeed, recruiting for stylish connexions was a tedious, regular service; but now, only open a new house, and you raise friends, as the French did soldiers, *en masse*, egad!

Trot. Then I think, in the present age of depravity, if my house must be a rendezvous for fashionable recruits, it would not be amiss to give notice, that bringers of good men will be handsomely rewarded.

Mrs. T. How vulgar! but I deserve it, for descending from my family dignity, and marrying one of what I may call the lower house.

Trot. Why, certainly, my dear, I may be said to belong to the house that furnishes the supplies.

Mrs. T. That's a very good joke.

Trot. Yes, and not at your expense.

Mrs. T. Expense! did not my family, the ancient family of the *Plastics*, in their election contests with Sir *Cardigan Somers*, absolutely throw into the dirt a hundred thousand pounds?

Trot. Well, but you know that's all over.

Mrs. T. And were not you a little plodding creature, happy and contented?

Trot. Well, but that's all over.

Mrs. T. And was not I young—beautiful—

Trot. Well, but that's all over.

Mrs. T. What! but I see how it is—you wish to lace-rate my heart—to break my tender thread of life.

Trot. Don't say so, my dear—[*Aside.*] tender thread! damme, 'tis double twilled!

Enter ROBERT, Mrs. Glenroy's Servant, in a travelling dress, R.

Rob. The honourable Mrs. Glenroy, on her way to London, begs to pay her compliments.

Mrs. T. Happy to see her. [*Exit Robert, R.*]

Plas. [*Aside*] Ah, my lovely pupil—the divine *Honoraria*!—related, madam, to our house.

Mrs. T. True, the daughter of Lord Moulder: imprudently married, I hear.

Plas. Oh, no! I advised her to marry Glenroy—an intimate friend of mine.

Mrs. T. Who is he?

Plas. Faith, I scarcely know who he is; but he's a fine fellow, a captain and all that, and she's a fine creature, and ought to be brought amongst us, and all that.

Mrs. T. She has no fortune—has he money?

Plas. I should think not a guinea; but I dare say they will come through pretty well this winter, which is as long as the most foresighted of us look to—we must start them—then they'll turn into the ranks, and so forth:

Trot. And then turn into a jail, and so forth.

[*Goes up the Stage.*]

Plastic exits and re-enters handing in MRS. GLENROY, R.

Mrs. G. Well, you good creature, you see I've kept my promise; but, do you know, I believe I am a very vulgar woman?

Plas. Why, keeping a promise is, I own, symptomatic.

Mrs. G. No, no, not that; but just now I went into a cottage, and kissed all the handsome, dirty little angels, and gave the woman a guinea. How she stared! I hope it was not out of taste—they seemed so happy—heigho!

Plas. A tear!

Mrs. G. There, I know I am an abominably vulgar wretch—I want to see my husband and my child—

Plas. [*Aside.*] The devil you do!—Oh, fie, fie! upon my honour, if this should get into the parties, you'll be absolutely left out.

Mrs. G. Oh, don't say so! For, though I have not the least pleasure at them, yet to be left out! horrible idea!

Plas. Dreadful!

Mrs. G. What a good soul you are to guide me, or how easily might a young creature like me, be deluded by the charms of nature, and the joys of a happy home!

Plas. Very true: but I must introduce you, madam—the honourable Mrs. Glenroy.

Mrs. T. Related to our house.

Mrs. G. Proud of that honour.

Plas. Mr. Trot, my father-in-law.

Trot. Occasioned by my marrying his mother.

Mrs. G. Ha, ha! a very satisfactory explanation. What a beautiful country I have passed.—The view from the mountain absolutely petrified me!

Trot. Petrified! ma'am, I can show you a petrified wig, occasioned—

Mrs. T. My poor little man has not much fancy.—But may I ask, who is the person you have introduced to our family as your husband?

Mrs. G. A captain in the army, madam : of course a gentleman.

Mrs. T. But is his family ancient ? what is his coat ?

Mrs. G. Scarlet, madam.

Mrs. T. I mean, what does he quarter ?

Mrs. G. The enemies of his country, madam.

Mrs. T. You will not understand.—Has he any supporters ?

Mrs. G. Only these arms, madam.

Trot. Pretty soul !

Mrs. T. Your parents ought to have provided a man of family.

Mrs. G. Oh, they did.

Mrs. T. Sufficiently ancient ?

Mrs. G. He was sixty-seven.

Mrs. T. Settlements made ?

Mrs. G. Oh, everything was prepared that could make a parent happy, or a daughter miserable. Parchment enough to drape Westminster Hall, where every fracture in the conjugal chain was provided against ; even to the solder of separate maintenance for personal infidelity.—But no ; I took the man of my heart, proudly spurning those alliances where all is fairly engrossed but the affections, and everything duly stamped except an impression on the heart. But come, Charles, you good creature, show the lions ; for my limbs are cramped by that odious chaise, to a degree—

Mrs. T. Will you make one in our carriage to London ? but as you please ; for my maxim is—that every one should do just as they like. [*Angrily.*] Mr. Trot, your old attitude again.—Ease and the spirit of accommodation is everything. Mr. Trot and I always ride with the glasses down, and face the horses.

Trot. Occasioned by long habits of driving a whiskey. But won't you take a corner in our coach ?

Mrs. G. Why, sir, you surely won't keep a coach ?

Trot. What must I keep ?

Mrs. G. Anything but a coach.—Even a barouche is antiquated. Look into Bond street, and you will see two fashionable puppies in a dog-cart—ha—half a dozen elegants in a fish-cart, and a dashing whip, smiling as he smokes along, though he has his whole family behind him

in an eccentric vehicle he calls a hearse—ha! ha! But come, Charles—good bye.

Mrs. T. What a favourite Charles is!

Mrs. G. Oh, he's the best creature in the world! for he lets one laugh at him; and his good-natured prattle is like the confectioners' mottoes—full of point, yet always surrounded with sugar. *[Exit with Plastic, L.*

Trot. *[Aside.]* Pretty soul!

Enter ROBIN and GOODY HAWBUCK, R.

Robin. Goody Hawbuck wants you, sir.

Mrs. T. Some other time. Your arm, Mr. Trot.

Trot. What's the matter?

Robin. She says she is in distress? May she speak to you?

Trot. You say she is in distress?

Robin. Yes, sir.

Trot. Then why ask unnecessary questions. Come here! *[Beckons to Goody Hawbuck.]* what's amiss?

Goody H. I wish to speak to your honour about my son Jacky; but I am ashamed to trouble—

Trot. Trouble! nonsense! come, be quick!

Goody H. I will, your honour. I sent Jacky to a Yorkshire school, to get a learned iddication that he might provide for us all: but lack-a-day! Jacky has brought naught wi' him from Yorkshire, but Latin: and, instead of keeping us, we are forced to keep him. So, as he is not fit for anything, I thought your good honour would take him into your service.

Trot. A very strong recommendation, certainly.

Mrs. T. The familiarity of these people is unbearable.

Trot. Why, my dear, there is but one way of making these miscreants keep at a proper distance from us.

Mrs. T. And what may that be?

Trot. By making misery keep at a proper distance from them. Go, and bring your boy up to the house.

Mrs. T. That's right—encourage paupers!

Trot. I encourage them! on the contrary, my dear, I detest them so abominably, that I never see a pauper without endeavouring to prevent his being one; and did others feel the same sort of hate, who knows but in time the wretches might be exterminated. *[Leads out Mrs. T., beckoning to Goody Hawbuck, who follows.]*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Trot's House.*

Enter TROT, followed by GOODY HAWBUCK, R.

Trot. Well, well; where is he? where is this boy of yours?

Goody H. He's here at the door, your honour.—Jacky, my dear babe, come in.

Enter HAWBUCK, R.

Now speak to the gentleman.

Haw. Salve domine!

Trot. What?

Haw. Salve domine!

Trot. [*At a loss.*] Oh, very likely. What does he say?

Goody H. That's Latin.

Haw. Yes; as much as to say, how is't tha, mun?

Trot. How is't tha, mun—why, zounds! his-English is as unintelligible as his Latin.

Goody H. Oh, poor babe! I'm sure your honour will employ him; for you see how helpless he is.

Trot. What the devil shall I do with him? Oh! now I recollect—in London I must keep a number of useless servants, and he seems remarkably well qualified for being one.

Haw. I should not wonder if I was the best in the whole bunch.

Trot. Well, you may leave him.

Goody H. Heaven bless and preserve you!

Trot. Go, go, you are a generous old soul.

Goody H. I generous! Heaven help me, your honour means grateful.

Trot. True, true; but the mistake is not very material; for those who feel the spirit of gratitude in receiving a kindness, only want an opportunity to display the spirit of generosity in bestowing one. [*Exit Goody H., R.*]

Enter PLASTIC, L.

Plas. Scoundrel!

Trot. What's the matter, Charles?

Plas. I've just discharged an impertinent servant.

Trot. A stupid dog, I dare say.

Plas. No, no, a shrewd, clever, capable rascal—prying

into my affairs—knowing more of me than I do of myself.
—Oh, for a fine thick-headed dog!

Trot. I think I can suit you—I say, look there.

[*Pointing to Hawbuck.*]

Plas. There is some promise in his face, I own.

Trot. [*To Hawbuck.*] Try him. Come hither—I want you.

Haw. Want me already, do you? ecod, this will be no such easy place, I see.

Trot. This gentleman wishes to hire you.

Haw. Does he? who is he?

Trot. He's a man of fashion, and a wit.

Haw. A what—a wit? [*Snapping his fingers.*] That's just what I wanted to see. Never saw a wit in all my days.

Trot. No?

Haw. No.—Why, you be'n't one?

Trot. Not absolutely; occasionally smart, very smart indeed; but not—

Haw. No, I thought you did not look like it.

Trot. Ha! ha! my dear Charles, I think I may venture to recommend him as the most stupid dog in Europe, without the least risk of incurring the penalty of the statute for giving a false character. [*Exit, R.*]

Haw. A wit! I declare, 'tis quite awful! I wonder what clever thing he'll say first.

[*Puts himself in an affected attitude.*]

Plas. Who are you?

Haw. [*Apart.*] That's damned keen—however, I'll pluck up.—Why, I be Jacky Hawbuck.

Plas. Oh!

Haw. [*Aside.*] Oh, capital—that has quite knocked me up. Oh!

Plas. Where do you come from?

Haw. Don't you flurry me, that's not fair. [*Pertly.*] Why, I come fra' Yorkshire.

Plas. What were you doing there?

Haw. I were at school.

Plas. Ay, and what did you learn?

Haw. Latin.

Plas. What?

Haw. Latin.

Plas. Latin—ha! ha! ha!

Haw. Yes, Latin! he! he! he! I say, devilish smart on both sides, I think—he! he!

Plas. Oh, very!

Haw. Then gi' us thy hand on't—*par nobile fratrum*, as we scholars say. Damn it, I shall do!

Plas. Ha! ha! but what wages do you expect?

Haw. Why, I've had a most capital iddication. Cost mother poaks-full of money. Wad do you think it? eleven pounds a year!

Plas. Incredible!

Haw. Ay, but stop a bit; that were for Latin and logic, and leather breeches—all in a lump, you understand.

Plas. Suppose, then, I double the sum it costs your mother for Latin and logic?

Haw. Sufficient. But— [Holding out his hand.

Plas. What do you mean by that?

Haw. Why, mother paid som'it for entrance, like.

Plas. Well, there's a guinea. Now, don't be always dangling after me—

Haw. I'll never come near you.

Plas. Nor listen to overhear my conversation.

Haw. I'll never mind a word you say.

Plas. Your name is John?

Haw. Mother always called me Jacky. I think Jacky's prettier, and more brotherly and suitable between us, like.

Plas. Ha! ha! well, then, Jacky, your servant!

[Exit, L.

Haw. Why, now, that's very civil; for I thought I was to be his servant; but, however, if he likes t'other way best, I've no objections.

[Door-bell rings, R.

Cosey. [Without.] Hey, within there! nobody at home! hollo!

Haw. Pratty set of servants in this house. Nothing to do, and yet let a gentleman stand at the door in that manner—oh, 'tis too bad, a great deal.

[Exit, L.

Enter COSEY and POSTILLION, R.

Cosey. Why, zounds, the house is as empty as the Bank on a holiday. There's your commission, and be at the door again in two hours. Mind, you've to transfer into the next county. Won't coach it in the dark—no lamps here?

[*Exit Postillion, R.*] Why, where is the old boy? I must give him one of our Change-Alley calls—Peter Trot, Peter Trot!

Enter TROT, L.

Trot. Heyday! who is making this uproar?

Cosey. What, have you forgot Kit Cosey? how are you?

Trot. Why, is it possible? My old friend Cosey, two hundred miles from London?

Cosey. Business, my dear fellow; or you don't suppose I could have done such a damned silly thing.

Trot. I thought the travels of the lamplighter always terminated yours.

Cosey. Why, I have no objection to *short* country excursions, there's such a pleasure in thinking they'll soon be over. Often take a trip to Muddy Paradise, the seat of Alderman Greasy. Lonesome, but very rural; stands all alone by itself, in the fields behind Islington.

Trot. Well, but I hope you enjoyed this journey?

Cosey. Amazingly—slept all the way.

Trot. A very wonderful country that I live in.

Cosey. Very wonderful that you live in it, indeed. Lord, lord! to compare this place to Lunnun. Here your great sprawling, lolloping clown, rolls about like a lump of lead; there your dapper, agreeable, compact cockney, skips about like a bit of quicksilver. Only see them at a city hop—capering and bumping their heads against the ceiling, as jollily as e'er a shepherd that ever played upon a fiddle. But I say, old boy—you seem cruelly altered; when I saw you last, you were as brisk as bank stock;—but you now seem cut down to short annuity.—What's the matter?

Trot. I'm grown rich.

Cosey. Why, I'm warmish; but yet, I am only what I call comfortable.

Trot. Ah, but I am so rich, that I must leave my dear spinning jennys, and be happy in London.

Cosey. That's the place—give you joy, old Trot.

Trot. Then—I'm married.

Cosey. Oh—beg pardon—forgot that. Well, I long to see your choice—when you opened that joint account, you wrote in raptures about her.

Trot. Did I? you have a most excellent memory; for that must have been a long time ago.

Cosey. Oh, Cupid's at a discount.

Trot. Why, the keenest edge will wear a little blunt I don't think she is quite so handsome—

Cosey. You praised her blushes.

Trot. But now they are apt to come in the wrong place.

Cosey. Alabaster complexion.

Trot. Yes, but like my inferior muslins—washing makes it change colour—mum! [Seeing Mrs. Trot.]

Enter MRS. TROT, MRS. GLENROY, and PLASTIC, L.

My dear, allow me to introduce Mr. Cosey, from London.

Mrs. T. Come to enjoy the pure air of the country?

Cosey. Yes, ma'am, very pure; but I don't think it has much taste with it.

Mrs. T. Taste!

Cosey. Why, you know, ma'am, the Lunnun air has a kind of a sootish sort of a smack, that I think gives it a flavour—I like it—don't you, miss?

Trot. Miss!—no such person—occasioned by her marrying Captain Glenroy.

Cosey. What, the son of Owen Glenroy, the Welch parson?

Mrs. G. The same, sir.

Cosey. Then, ma'am, you and I are what I call cousins. Going to Wales to see your father-in-law—take any little parcel.

Mrs. G. Oh, I think I recollect—you are somebody in the city.

Cosey. Why, yes, in the city I flatter myself I am somebody, and insignificant as I may appear here, I can tell you, that when I quitted the Bank yesterday morning, I did not leave a greater *bear* in it than myself.—[*Aside.*] 'Tis as well to let them know who they've got amongst them.—You must know my reason for going into Wales is, that I have bought the estate which formerly belonged to Sir Cardigan Somers.

Plas. Trot. & Mrs. T. You!

Cosey. Oh, I've got into an enemy's country here. Yes, I—

Mrs. T. But why?

Cosey. A whim!

Trot. Why, I was told it sold for five thousand more than its value.

Cosey. A whim!

Plas. Oh, what's a handful of thousands to a purse-proud citizen?

Cosey. Umph!—[*Aside.*] Now that puppy Plastic owes me five hundred pounds.—Sir, as you are pleased to put me in mind how city pride is pampered by the thousands we gain; pray, be just enough to remember, that charity is fed by the thousands we give.

Trot. The castle commands a delightful prospect.

Cosey. A good look-out, is there?

Plas. Yes: will you part with it?

Cosey. No; I mean to keep a good look-out.

Mrs. T. Do you intend to reside there?

Cosey. Lord forbid!

Plas. [To *Mrs. G.*] Leave him to me. [*Mr. and Mrs. Trot and Mrs. Glenroy retire together.*] Pray, sir, had not Sir Cardigan Somers a daughter?

Cosey. You know he had.

Plas. True; I believe she was once pointed out to me.

Cosey. Possibly.

Plas. I thought her beautiful, and spite of the family antipathy, wished to be introduced to her.

Cosey. Indeed!

Plas. But she suddenly disappeared without my ever having had that pleasure. Do you know what has become of her?

Cosey. Do you?

Plas. No. [*Aside.*] But I will, if I can.—You are going to Wales?

Cosey. Yes.

Plas. So am I.

Cosey. Oh!

Plas. Suppose we post it together?

Cosey. No bargain—

Plas. Do you mean—

Cosey. Accounts closed—words useless—balance not in your favour.

Plas. [*Aside.*] Indeed! but I'll be after you, my old boy!

Mrs. G. Any news in town, sir, yesterday?

Cosey. Yes, ma'am: fifteen Levant arrivals, two foreign mails due—things a shade better—gold in bars, heavy;—hops flat;—raw hides lively; and cochineal as per last.

Mrs. G. Ha! ha! thank you, sir; but I mean news from the squares.

Cosey. Know nothing about them—pity the cits who live at the West End—and yet, I declare, 'tis funny to see them duck through Temple-bar, like geese through a gate: and then wriggle, and stretch out their necks, when they come to the west side—this lady of fashion kiss her hand, as much as to say, 'I'll come and bring all my friends to live upon you'—that lordling bows—set that down at twelve dozen of champagne—an earl cries, 'Ah, Dick, my jolly dog, your hand!'—he means—to a note for five thousand. So, there you may see the cits stuck up in the fine gala-rooms, like calves in a pen: where they are bled till they are quite delicate and tender; then struck on the head with a docket, and consigned to that fruitful mortality bill, the London Gazette, where, (not to drop the simile,) like calves, they generally cut up for about tenpence in the pound.

[*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Welsh Village.*

Enter ROSS, WILLIAMS, *and* TAFFLINE, L. S. E

Taff. Dear father!

Will. You promised me, if I was industrious, you would give me my sweet Taffline. We should be the happiest couple in Wales.

Ross. You are too young, and too poor.

Taff. Poor! la, father! has not Williams saved almost three guineas?

Ross. And what dower can you bring, my Welch heir-ess?

Taff. Cheerful industry, and a constant heart.

Will. 'Tis hard to refuse us, when all the neighbours were to make a holiday on purpose.

Taff. And your favourite, dear, good Miss Rosalie Somers, had given us a wedding dinner.

Ross. Indeed! I should be loth to offend so sweet, so handsome, and so kind a young lady as Miss Somers is—but—

Taff. Oh! here she comes.

Enter ROSALIE and MRS. MOREEN, R.

Rosa. Well, my sweet Taffline, is all arranged for the wedding?

Taff. No, Miss; father won't consent.

Rosa. Come, good Ross, don't be churlish.

Ross. Indeed, Miss, the times are—

Mrs. M. Prettily changed with you. Ah! but for her father's misfortunes, she might have commanded, and you would have been glad to have obeyed; but now—

Ross. Mrs. Moreen, I won't bear that. I respect the daughter of Sir Cardigan Somers as much as if she were still the heiress to this noble estate. And when it was sold I doubt if Miss felt more than Robin Ross did.

Rosa. Well, well, you won't refuse Reuben Glenroy.

Ross. Refuse Reuben! not if he were to ask me for my heart's blood. I owe him—

Rosa. Not much; for Reuben is not rich.

Ross. Everything, Miss! I was always behind hand with the world—borrowed of one to pay another—never could hold up my head as an honest man ought, till he pointed out to me the road to independence: and now, though my pocket cannot boast many guineas of my own, thank heaven, it does not contain one that belongs to another. Ah, Reuben is a man!

Mrs. M. Not a very civil one—he's snappish and glum—give me a man that's merry—likes a good story, and says good things.

Rosa. While Reuben is content with doing them.

Ross. Here he comes down the mountain.

[*Reuben appears descending the mountain, and looking at the heavens.*]

Enter REUBEN, L.

Reub. Ross, come hither. Have you observed the sky?—look at that cloud.

Ross. Bless me, an evil messenger, indeed! very stormy—how does the mountain look?

Reub. The sun gilds its summit; but chilling vapours cling round its rugged sides.

Ross. It will be a foul night?

Reub. The air is dull heavy.

Ross. A storm of snow, then.

Reub. I thought so. Williams, a storm threatens, and the passes over the mountains are full of danger to the benighted traveller. Pray keep careful watch to-night—I shall not sleep. *Ross*, I have obtained you a renewal of your lease from your landlord.

Ross. How can I thank you? what shall I say?

Reub. Nothing; let your conduct thank me; but we must wait on him instantly—so, come—ah, *Rosalie*! [*Runs to her.*] in my excursion I met the messenger carrying letters to my father's—this I took charge of. [*Gives a letter.*

Rosa. [*Reading.*] ‘Have brought a little present to Wales for you’—

Mrs. M. A présent! what can that be, I wonder.

Rosa. [*Reading.*] ‘Mean to stay with you the total of one entire day; so get ready a basin of broth, a kiss, and everything what I call comfortable, for Christopher Cosey.’ [*To Reub.*] ‘Tis from my guardian. Come, I suppose, to resign his charge, as to-morrow I am of age.

Ross. Of age!

[*They appear dejected.*

Mrs. M. Oh, what a day to-morrow would have been, if—

Reub. Come, come, it will be a happy one—and though the great world may not know of our festivity, yet, remember, the place which gives us birth, is the world of the heart—and what heart is there in it, that will not share our joy? *Rosalie*, return home; the heavens look tempestuous—Williams shall attend you; for I have business across the mountain.

Rosa. I know—the business of humanity.

[*Exeunt Rosalie, Mrs. Morcen, Taffline, and Williams, R.*

Reub. Sweet excellence!—*Ross*!

Ross. I wait for you, sir.

Reub. I see her still—ah—she falls—no, no: she waves her hand. [*He ascends part of the mountain.*] Still I be-

hold her. Oh, lovely, lovely Rosalie!—Come, Ross, come!
[*Exeunt, L. S. E.*]

SCENE II.—*A Parlor in a Welsh Parsonage House.*

Enter the REV. OWEN GLENROY and COSEY, L.

Owen. A thousand welcomes to Wales, Cousin Cosey!

Cosey. Thank you, Mr. Glenroy, thank you, my reverend friend. Well, how goes on your little parish—everything what I call comfortable, eh?

Owen. Why, cousin, I have many reasons for being proud of my small flock; and I humbly hope they have some for being content with their pastor.

Cosey. I don't doubt it.

Owen. Well—and how does my son the captain go on?—a fine fashionable fellow, isn't he?

Cosey. Oh, very!

Owen. Married to a lord's daughter—think of that—he'll be a great man.

Cosey. [*Aside.*] Hopes above par, old boy, but I'll not lower the market on you.—But where's Rosalie Somers? is she not here to receive her guardian? have not seen her since consols were 84—ah! is not this she?

Enter ROSALIE and MRS. MOREEN, R.

Rosa. My dear guardian!

Cosey. Let me see—let me taste—[*Kisses her.*] There's a skin, polished and smooth as a new bank note—here are roses—

Rosa. The effects of exercise; and, perhaps, the glow somewhat heightened by the pleasure of beholding the friend of my poor father.

Cosey. Thank you, thank you—kind as an accommodation bill, I declare. But have been at romps, eh?

[*Observing her hair disordered.*]

Rosa. The effects of the brisk air of the mountain, which is delightful—

Cosey. Very—if you happen to be going the same way, else you may as well attempt London Bridge against tide, as face it. Ah, Mrs. Moreen, have you forgot your old sweetheart, Kit Cosey? (she refused me!) but don't look grave, for I assure you I have been remarkably happy

ever since. [*Looking at her.—Aside.*] What an escape I had!—But now you talk of escapes, only think—the horses that were to have brought me here, not fancying your frightful—no, sublime hills, turned their heads towards Lunnun—sensible creatures!—could not help laughing—when all of a sudden, away they went, full gallop, and had almost got to the edge of a precipice, when a fine strapping fellow rushed down the mountain, seized the reins, and when I would not have given a lótterv blank for my life, turned the account in my favour.

Owen. But who was he?

Cosey. That's what I want to know; for I shook so much, from cold, I imagine, I could not immediately get my hand into my pocket to reward him; and when I did, egad, he had skipped half up the mountain again.

Mrs. M. But have you not got a present for my young lady?

Cosey. Yes; and for you, too; but all in good time. First, see my portmanteau safe to my room—and Rosalie—lavender sheets—aired—snow—snug supper—everything what I call comfortable—eh?

Rosa. I'll take care. [*Exeunt Rosa. and Mrs. M., R.*]

Cosey. Bless you! and to-morrow, we'll be as happy as 'tis possible to be—in the country. But what sort of a chap is this eldest son of yours—rough Reuben, as you used to call him.

Owen. He's difficult to describe.

Cosey. Is he clever?

Owen. Very.

Cosey. Not headstrong?

Owen. Very.

Cosey. Diligent?

Owen. Very.

Cosey. Saucy?

Owen. Very.

Cosey. What does he delight in?

Owen. Rosalie.

Cosey. But zounds! that won't do.

Owen. Do you think I encourage him?

Cosey. I hope not. Consider, the daughter of Sir Cardigan Somers!

Owen. Of the first family, and once the richest heiress in the country.

Cosey. And may be again.

Owen. What?

Cosey. Nothing.

Reuben. [*Without, L.*] There, then, refresh yourselves; I'll soon be with you.

Enter REUBEN, L.

Owen. Here is my son. Reuben, pay your respects to our worthy cousin, Rosalie's guardian.

Reub. Is she not beautiful?

Cosey. I'm pretty well, I thank—eh!

Rosa. [*Without, L.*] That will do, Mrs. Moreen!

[*Exit Reuben, R.*

Cosey. The very man that saved my life!

Owen. Indeed!

Cosey. He can't escape me now, however; so give me your hand—why, confound the fellow, he's off again.

Owen. Why, Reuben, Reuben, I say! [*Retires.*

Reuben. [*Without, R.*] Here, father, here!—Come, Rosalie!

Re-enter REUBEN, R.

Cosey. Zounds, sir! you might have had the patience to let me thank you for saving my life!

Reub. Ay; but we hasty mountaineers, to prevent disappointment and delay, always take care to receive our reward, while doing an act of humanity.

Cosey. You're a noble, generous fellow!

Reub. Psha! how can you know?

Cosey. Because I know you are a brave fellow; and true courage, as I take it, is of too sociable a nature, ever to take lodging in that breast which has not plenty of other good company there.

Reub. Well, enough of this—'twould please you, sir, to see my father look so well. You are from London, sir—how goes on my brother?

Cosey. So, so.

Reub. I fear him much.

Cosey. [*Aside.*] So do I!—But tell me, how came this brother to be the favourite child?

Reub. [*Sarcastically.*] Oh, weighty reasons govern parents' prejudices! My hair was rough and stubborn; my brother's ductile ringlets obeyed the mother's anxious

hand;—mine resisted—she tugged, and I squalled;—then a woman of rank in the neighbourhood took it into her head to be my brother's godmother, and named, or rather nicknamed him Augustus; which at once made him the superior boy,—that is, poor fellow, he was compelled to hold up his head,—lose the luxury of exercise, for fear of taking cold; and be pinioned in a chair, and crammed with nauseous dainties to a surfeit, whenever his illustrious gossip condescended to take tea with my mother, at the parsonage. Ah, poor mother!

Owen. Yet Reuben was of use to her; for when disease deprived her of motion, his agile limbs bore her to the mountain's brow, where the pure breath of nature cheered her drooping heart:—and when her life was despaired of, good, vain woman,—she said that Augustus's mourning would be the smartest, but that Reuben's heart would ache as sorely as the best.

Cosey. [*Aside.*] Perhaps she was not wrong.

Enter EVANS, with a letter, R.

Evans. Sir,—a letter for you.

[*Exit, R.—Owen retires and reads the letter.*]

Reub. [*Advances.*] Thus, sir,—a little neglected, perhaps,—though my heart suffered, my head was the better for it; estranged from others, I grew the more acquainted with myself; and by books—

Cosey. Books! what signifies books, if a man has not a nice cash-book among them?

Reub. Would you trust the cultivation of your estate to that man who would not benefit by his neighbour's experience?

Cosey. Why, no.

Reub. Then, in the more important culture of the mind, what must he be, who will not gather from the store of human wisdom, those seeds, which produce in the heart and understanding, the inestimable harvest of knowledge and virtue?

Cosey. Humph! I'm not quite sure but I shall like this fellow. Why, one wouldn't hear much better than that in the Common Council. Egad! if Rosalie likes him, be it so! but mum!

Enter ROSALIE and MRS. MOREEN, R.

Reub. Rosalie! *[Runs to her.]*

Cosey. Ah! she's his omnium, I see!

Owen. Here's a letter from your brother.

Reub. A letter!—why is he not here himself?

[Takes a letter.]

Owen. He's with his wife's rich relations.

Reub. Instead of his own poor ones. *[Reading.]*

Owen. *[Irritated.]* You envy your brother?

Reub. I do, indeed.

Owen. You never loved him.

Reub. Father, I've heard my manners, habits, studies, all derided with a smile; but now you insult my heart.

Owen. Did you not say you envied your brother?

Reub. I do:—I envy him the place he holds here.

[Putting his hand on his father's breast.]

Owen. Reuben, I've done you wrong. Why did not you go into the world? why force your brother?

Reub. Nay, I cannot answer such questions.

Rosa. 'Tis your father asks.

Reub. Ah, Rosalie, why tear my secret from my breast? if I resigned my birthright to Augustus, perhaps it was that I preferred my brother's prosperity to my own—if I obstinately remained with my father—*[Taking his hand affectionately.]* perhaps it was, that to a father's absence, I preferred a father's frowns.

Owen. Reuben, dear Reuben!

Reub. Pray, no more. *[Goes up the Stage.]*

Owen. How have I wronged him! he's like the iron from our mines—full of fire, hardy and useful.

Rosa. And let me add, well tempered, and, I am sure, capable of the highest polish.

Cosey. Well, my lad of metal, give me your hand. *[Shaking hands.]* Devilish deal of it in his fingers.

Enter MRS. MOREEN, R.

Mrs. M. Supper's almost ready, and now for the present you brought.

Cosey. Well, be it so. When your father, my dear Rosalie, by his election contests with the family of the Plas-tics—

Mrs. M. I hate the very name of them.

Cosey. Was compelled to leave England, he trusted his affairs to my management. I sold off all, and paid his debts to the world, while he, poor man, was paying the only one that remained—the debt due to nature. [*Rosalie weeps.*] Come, come; he neither left you penniless nor friendless.

Rosa. Ah, no! rich, rich in friends.

[*Reuben takes her hand.*]

Cosey. The money that remained, I took into the market; there I turned it and twisted it—in short, good nursing did for it in the Alley, what good nursing has done for you in Wales; and by giving my little charge nice slices of loans, bits of bonus, and dividend dumplings, it throve, and, like you, became plump and handsome. Well, last week, at Garraway's, the Cardigan estate was again sold.

Owen. And who bought it?

Mrs. M. Not one of the Plastics, I hope?

Owen. Who did buy it, then?

Cosey. Rosalie Somers!

[*Reuben drops Rosalie's hand, and remains abstracted.*]

Owen & Mrs. M. What?

Cosey. I, as her agent, bought it for Rosalie Somers!

Owen. Blessed news!

Rosa. Oh, my dear guardian!

Cosey. Yes, to-morrow the daughter of my early patron takes possession of her father's castle.

Mrs. M. And I of the housekeeper's room.

Owen. But I can't imagine how—

Cosey. I dare say you can't; but make no apologies. You live in the country, and of course your knowing any thing isn't to be expected. Why, heyday, Reuben! don't you give Rosalie joy? Damn it, don't be shy! Come, come, let us to supper, and then I'll show you the title deeds. And don't you call that a present?

Mrs. M. Then, with my large bunch of keys, I once more sits me down in the red damask chair, he! he! I say, perhaps I shall die there, he! he!

Cosey. Ay, that will be what I call comfortable.

[*Exeunt Owen and Cosey, R.*]

Mrs. M. And be buried in the family vault, he! he! Oh, if I do but live to see that day!

[*Exit, R.*]

Reub. [*Advancing, c.*] Miss Somers!

Rosa. And why not Rosalie? Am I, then, by acquiring a fortune, to lose a friend? [*Taking his hand.*

Reub. Friend! Oh, too lovely woman! [*Kneeling.*

Rosa. [*Agitated.*] Nay, I entreat.

Reub. My swelling heart will not be controlled.—In mercy, hear me—[*Kneels.*] My words shall not offend. I ask but this—do not banish me your presence—my happiness must ever be to see you happy; then let me still watch your steps, guard you from every ill; and, though doomed to behold you another's—oh! let me behold you!

Rosa. Reuben, hear me:—receive my promise—Rosalie will never wound the heart that loves her. Oh, never!

Reub. Thanks! thanks!

Mrs. Moreen. [*Without, R.*] Now, then, to supper.

[*Thunder.*

Reub. Remember!

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*Supper on the Table.*—OWEN, COSEY, MRS. MOREEN, and TAFFLINE discovered.

Enter ROSALIE and REUBEN, R.

Mrs. M. Heyday! here's a very blustering night coming on.

Cosey. This is what I call comfortable. Come, Rosalie!

Rosa. [*Going to the table.*] Reuben!

Reub. Pray, excuse me. [*The rustling of the wind is heard.*] Hush!

Cosey. Lord, what a pretty whistling there is!

Reub. Now the storm comes on.

Cosey. Shall I help you, my dear? [*The storm increases.*

Owen. [*Starting up.*] Ah, an approaching hurricane! Reuben, secure—

Reub. Hush, father! All is secure. Do not alarm our guest.

Cosey. [*Alarmed.*] So—so—some of the—sauce.

[*The storm increases to violence.*

Rosa. [*Rises and goes to Reuben.*] 'Twill be a fearful night. [*Reuben takes her hand in silence, and watches the tempest.*

Cosey. [*Agitated.*] Eh—well—why don't you speak? Eh—Reuben—my dear friend—Rosalie—poor child!

Rosa. I assure you, sir, I'm not much alarmed.

Cosey. Very likely; but I assure you, I am. [*Thunder.*] Pray, is the firm of the house—I mean, is this house firm?

Owen. Doubt it not.

Cosey. Ah! but it stands all alone by itself; if it was but in a row. This is moral peace! this is content and a cottage! Oh, pretty, quiet London!

Mrs. M. I wonder whether the windows are shut?

[*Exit Mrs. Moreen, R.—Williams heard at a distance, without, L.*

Wil. Reuben!

Reub. Hark!

Cosey. What's the matter?

Wil. Reuben!

Reub. Ah! I am called.

[*Opens the door.*

Enter WILLIAMS, L.

Wil. I heard the cry of some one in distress; but the storm rages with such violence—

Reub. Never fear! let us prepare.

[*Exeunt Williams and Reuben, L.*

Rosa. Some distressed travellers.

Cosey. Well, I am very sorry; but you know it can't be helped: don't you think we had better go to bed?

Cosey. Look here, cousin; how sublimely awful!

Cosey. [*Peeping out.*] Very.

Owen. Let us look out. 'Tis what you may not see again.

[*Exit, R.*

Cosey. No, I'll take care of that, you may depend on't.

[*Exit, R.*

Enter REUBEN, L., with a pole, pointed at the end with iron.

Reub. Adieu, Rosalie! Now Providence direct my steps!

Rosa. Heaven shield thee, noble, dear Reuben.

[*Confused.*

Reub. [*Drops the pole.*] Pray be careful; your words to me are life or death. "Dear Reuben!" Let it not unman me!

[*Williams without, L.*

Wil. We are ready.

Reub. No. [*Snatching up the pole.*] Let it rouse my

soul to virtuous enterprise ! My glorious aim shall be to merit it. [Exit, L.

Rosa. Heaven guide and protect him.

Enter OWEN, R.

Owen. Be cautious, Reuben.—Come, bustle—bustle—keep up the fire within, and prepare warm beds.

Mrs. M. [Without, R.] I'll take care, I warrant you.

Owen. The rage of the storm seems to abate. Come, Taffline—let us beguile the anxious hour with the simple melody of some native song.

*SONG.—TAPPLINE.

Llewelyn with his Patience dear,
Was joined in wedlock's band,
When wars alarm his ear,
The foe invades the land.
He marched among the valiant throng—
All proud of heart was he,
And smiling, cried, my lovely bride,
I'll soon return to thee.
Oh, Kora—Oh, Kora, I'll soon return to ti

She hears the drum, the victor's cry,
Your laurels now prepare ;
She views their march with eager eye,—
Her lover is not there !
His knapsack blue,—shot through and through !
They laid down on her knee,
And sighing, cried, Ah, luckless bride,
He'll ne'er return to thee.
Oh, Kora, &c.

She lost her love, she lost her wits,
She hastened far away,
And now on Snowdon's cliff she sits,
And wildly sings her lay.
My eyes I strain across the plain,
My hope, my love to see ;
My joy, my pride, behold thy bride,
Ah, sweet, return to me.
Ah, Kora, sweet, return to me.

Rosa. Heigho ! Reuben not yet come home !—Surely I heard—again !—[Runs to door.] He returns !

Enter REUBEN and WILLIAMS, L., bearing PLASTIC in their arms, who is insensible—his forehead bearing the

* This song is frequently omitted.

marks of a wound—EVANS leads HAWBUCK across—
MRS. MOREEN enters, R.

Owen. Well done, my son!

[They put Plastic into a chair.]

Reub. Quick, quick, to the fire with him!—*Rosalie!*

Mrs. M. He is senseless. There, there!

Reub. 'Tis but a swoon, I hope. Take care of him.

Owen. Bear him in; all will soon be well, I warrant.

[Plastic is carried off between Williams and Mrs. Moreen, followed by Owen, R.]

Rosa. Are you not fatigued, Reuben?

Reub. Not much.

Rosa. Is he a stranger whom you have succoured?

Reub. I don't know—his features were disfigured with blood, and his eyes closed.

Enter MRS. MOREEN, R.

Rosa. How is the gentleman?

Mrs. M. *[Running to a closet.]* There is no great danger, I hope.—His wound bleeds freely, and he recovers apace. He seems a nice young man.

[Exit with medicines.]

Rosa. Surely you want rest and refreshment.—Come, sit down.

Reub. Sweet Rosalie, I must forth again.—More travellers are out.

Rosa. Not to-night!

Reub. Oh, think—perhaps some anxious wife, surrounded by her little brood, with haggard eye and throbbing heart, watches the oft-turned hour-glass, and, amid the howlings of the storm, vainly fancies she hears her husband's voice. I may restore him to her. Oh! could these lids close with that thought knocking at my breast! Once more, adieu! And my work being fairly done, my sleep will be the sweeter for it. *[He takes her hand, and kisses it respectfully.]* "Rosalie will never wound the heart that loves her."—Remember thy promise to me.

[Exit, L. S. E.]

Plastic. *[Without, R.]* Where is my deliverer? Conduct me to him.

Mrs. M. *[Without.]* Nay, nay, by and by!

Plas. *[Without.]* I am much better—pray, oblige me.

Enter PLASTIC, leaning on MRS. MOREEN, R.—A black patch on his forehead, his right arm in a sling.

Mrs. M. Why, if you will see Reuben, you must! Is he gone?

Rosa. He is.

Plas. What angel's that?

Mrs. M. My young lady, Miss Rosalie Somers. [*Plastic starts.*] What's the matter, sir?

Plas. Nothing—I can walk alone. 'Tis she! how beautiful!

Mrs. M. Is not she? how pleased Reuben would be to hear you say so—for he loves her so.

Plas. I do not wonder at it.

Rosa. I hope, sir, you have not sustained much injury?

Plas. Stunned by the overturning of my carriage, and rendered lifeless by the piercing cold, I should have perished, but for the exertion of my brave preserver. My head and my arm are bruised, nothing more. [*Aside.*] Have I found you?

Mrs. M. You seem a stranger—may we ask your name?

Plas. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath! if I'm known, my hopes are ruined!—Maitland, madam.

Mrs. M. Not Captain Maitland, related to Sir Cardigan Somers?

Plas. The same; and happy in being thus indebted to the humane attentions of my kind cousin.

Mrs. M. He's a sweet man. Pray, sir, do you happen to know anything of the *Plastics*?

Plas. I keep no such company.

Mrs. M. The young one, I hear, is an oily-tongued chap; but he would find his match here—we'll surprise him and his vulgar family to-morrow.

Plas. [*Aside.*] He'll do his best to return the compliment.

Rosa. Come, sir, you must submit to your nurses. You are still feeble and need repose.—Let me support you.

Plas. Thanks, my fair cousin. [*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT II.

A C T I I I .

SCENE I.—*The Dining Room.*

Enter PLASTIC, with caution, R.

Plas. Day breaks, and that Yorkshire booby not yet returned! If I effect my purpose, what a delicious triumph! Rosalie Somers my mistress! love! revenge! all gratified! [*Looks at his watch.*] where can—oh, he is here at last. Softly!

Enter HAWBUCK, L.

Haw. There be a chaise ready in road.—How tired I be!

Plas. Wait there till I come.

Haw. Lord, what it is to be a sarvant!

Plas. You have not mentioned my name?

Haw. Oh, no! I had my reasons.

Plas. Your reasons!

Haw. Why, one was, that I've forgot what it is.

Plas. Convenient stupidity!—forget your master's name?

Haw. Why, sir, they crammed my head so full at school, that hang me if I think it will hold any more.

Plas. Maitland, blockhead!

Haw. Oh! ay! so it is—I know fast enough.

Plas. Ah, a door opens!—Go, and be ready. [*Exit Hawbuck, L.*] By all my hopes, 'tis she!

Enter ROSALIE, in a walking dress, R.

Rosa. Reuben not yet returned! I'll walk, and perhaps I may find him. [*Seeing Plastic.*] Good morning, sir; have you not ventured out too early.

Plas. Affairs of the first consequence call me away. My chaise waits in the road, and could I but see my preserver.

Rosa. Reuben is not yet come home: but probably you may meet him.

Plas. [*Aside.*] I hope not. Is the place far off, where he last night rescued me from death?

Rosa. Oh, no, sir.

Plas. Now, stripped of its horrors, I wish I could behold it.

Rosa. I was about to walk that way. I'll point it out to you, sir, with pleasure.

Plas. May not the morning air affect your health?

Rosa. Oh, no; I always walk thus early.

Plas. [*Aside.*] Let me control my joy! Yet one achievement more.—'Tis hard thus abruptly to quit this hospitable roof; but my happiness demands it. Yet, at least, let me leave a written testimony of my gratitude.

Rosa. Here is a pen and ink, sir. [*Presenting writing materials.—Plastic attempts to write, but expresses painful sensations.*] I fear you suffer pain, sir, from your wounded arm.

Plas. Agony! But it would be greater torture to depart, without expressing the feelings of a grateful heart.

Rosa. Shall I take the pen?

Plas. Will you be so kind? I can sign it.

Rosa. True, sir:—Pray dictate. [*Writes.*]

Plas. "What apology can I offer for thus abruptly leaving those who have so kindly sheltered and protected me? But love beckons, and pleasure awaits me! Therefore, I hope the hearts of those I leave behind, will pardon mine for thus following its ardent dictates."

Rosa. Now, sir, your signature.

Plas. [*Aside.*] Not for a thousand——

Rosa. Sir!

Plas. A thousand thanks.

[*Folds the letter without signing it.*]

Enter MRS. MOREEN, dressed in brocade, &c.

Mrs. M. Bless me! what, are you going to walk out? I fear I've mistaken the hour.

Plas. [*Presenting a watch.*] This, madam, may in future prevent that inconvenience.

Mrs. M. Oh, sir!

Plas. Put it up—Come, fair cousin! but this letter—

Rosa. [*Taking it.*] Give this to Reuben—adieu!

[*Crosses, &c.*]

Mrs. M. They're a sweet couple—pity they should part, I think.

Plas. [*Aside.*] I think so, too.—She's mine!

[*Exeunt Plastic and Rosalie, L.*]

Mrs. M. That's a true gentleman, as sure as this is true gold. With my keys on this side, and my watch on this! [*A harp plays without.*] Oh, here come the neighbours—eh! such a day as this will be!

Enter OWEN, L.

Owen. Welcome, my pretty lasses.

Mrs. M. They are rather late, though—at least, by my watch.

Owen. What a beautiful gown you have on, ma'am!

Mrs. M. Do you think so? I mean now to wear such tasty, fashionable clothes as these every day.

Owen. Where's Rosalie.

Mrs. M. She walked out with Mr. Maitland, about—let me see, by my watch, four minutes and a half ago.

Owen. Is not my son Reuben returned?

Mrs. M. No, sir; but I dare say he'll be here soon; for I perceive 'tis near eight o'clock. Now, go and prepare them to give Miss Rosalie joy—you don't know how happy you are all to be. I'll come to you in—let me see—ay, in five minutes.

Owen. [*Takes the watch.*] Very splendid, indeed!

Mrs. M. A present from Mr. Maitland.

Enter WILLIAMS, running, R.

Wil. Oh, dear sir!

Owen. You look alarmed—Speak—Reuben?

Wil. Is safe; but Miss Rosalie—

Owen. What?

Wil. Is gone!

Owen. Is gone!

Wil. A post-chaise and four flew along the road; and in it were Miss Rosalie and the gentleman we brought home last night.

Owen. Cousin Cosey! cousin Cosey! awake!

[*Knocks at his door.*]

Wil. I'll swear it was Miss Somers. [*Exit Williams, L.*]

Mrs. M. What, eloped!

Owen. [*Calling.*] Cousin! cousin! Mr. Cosey, awake!

Cosey. [*Without, L.*] What's the matter?

Owen. What's to be done? Cousin!—Cousin!

Enter COSEY, half asleep, with a nightcap on, and a candle in his hand, L.

Cosey. What, 'tis all over with us? Well, heaven's will be done. Mercy on us! how it lightens!

Owen. No, no,—awake!

Cosey. Oh, dear, 'tis daylight! What's the matter now?—More rural peace? more calm content?

Owen. Rosalie is gone.

Cosey. Gone!

Mrs. M. Has eloped.

Cosey. Eloped! [*Greatly agitated.*] Run to Bow Street; call at the city marshal's: I'll to the Mansion House.

Owen. Mansion House!

Cosey. Oh, I forgot where I was. Who's the lover?

Mrs. M. Her cousin, Captain Maitland.

Cosey. Maitland! Nonsense! To my knowledge, he has been dead these twelve months. No, 'tis some innocent swain, some virtuous villager. Oh, you're a damned wicked set.

Enter EVANS, with a small trunk, L.

Evans. Sir, I have just picked up this box, where we found the gentleman last night.

Cosey. Get me a coach, sir; I won't stay among you another hour!

Owen. Perhaps this may discover—here's a name! [*Clasps his hands, and exclaims,*] Charles Plastic!

Mrs. M. Who?

Cosey. It is.—Oh, the jade! [*Exit Evans, with trunk.*

Mrs. M. Plastic! Give me that watch.

Owen. Stay, let me see. [*Looking at the seals.*] 'Tis true, here are his family arms.

Mrs. M. Give it to me. [*Throws it down and treads on it.*] There, there! I suppose miss will want me to be her housekeeper—I hope she will! for, if I don't poison them all—Oh, I shall faint! [*Falls into a chair, R.*

Cosey. Pray don't! I dare say you ought; but, consider, we have not time just now. Where's my coach?

Mrs. M. It will kill me.

Cosey. Now, don't die yet; I'll take it as a personal favour.

Owen. Oh, my friend! who dares tell this news to Reuben?

Cosey. Not I, I'm sure.

Owen. Poor fellow! 'twill break his heart.

Cosey. No, don't say so. He'll bear it like a man, as I do. [*Sobbing.*] Graceless, unfeeling girl!

Reub. [*Without, L.*] Joy, joy to all!

Cosey. Here he comes; now, don't tell him.—Talk about anything else. Hush!

Enter REUBEN, L.

Reub. [*Throws himself into a chair, c.*] Heigh-ho!

Owen. Fatigued, my son?

Reub. Ay, father, my limbs complain; but all here is warm and well. [*Striking his breast.*]

Cosey. (R. c.) What a fine thing courage must be, to keep out so much cold!

Reub. Sir, courage in the breast is like the cash in your pocket, only placed there for the benefit of the unfortunate who may want it.

Owen. (L. c.) Pray take some rest, Reuben.

Cosey. Ay, go to bed.

Mrs. M. Be persuaded, now do.

Reub. What, sleep to-day!—Be dead to those sounds of joy, which bear the name of Rosalie? Oh, no!

Owen. Then take some refreshment.

Reub. My mind shall banquet first; so, tell me where is my Rosa—why do you turn from me? Have I offended any one? Has my conduct merited——

Owen. You have deserved blessings.

Reub. Which I shall receive. Even now, seated on a rock, I beheld the rising sun: its earliest beam shone upon me, and seemed to warm my heart,—seemed sent as a reward, that, in its absence, I had done my duty. But how is the gentleman I so fortunately succoured?

Owen. Perfectly recovered.

Reub. And is not that a reward?

Owen. And he is gone.

Reub. I'm sorry for it. The pilot that guides the shattered bark into the wished-for haven, thinks his joy imperfect, unless he behold it floating on the wave, tranquil and secure. Well, well, let him go. There is a smile prepared for me, that will atone for all. Where is she?

Owen. She! who?

Reub. Who! who!—Rosalie!—again silent! Father, what means?—Rosalie! Rosa—— [Rushes off, R.]

Owen. Poor fellow!

Cosey. Noble fellow! Is this his reward? Stabbed to the heart by the man he saved! Forsaken by the woman he lived for! [Bursts into tears.] I don't know what to do; all this is entirely out of my line,—this never happens upon 'Change.

Owen. I dread his return. What can I say to soothe—

Re-enter REUBEN, R.

Reub. In mercy—at once—Rosalie—speak!

Owen. She has left us, Reuben.

Cosey. Eloped with him you last night preserved.

Mrs. M. With young Plastic.

[Reuben staggers into a chair, c.]

Cosey. Come, come, she don't deserve a sigh. She's gone, and there's an end. 'Tis all over, and we'll be, what I call, comfortable, without her, and—eh!

[Reuben, feeling his brain affected, his frame convulsed, looks with anxiety at his father, then, catching Cosey's hand, whispers—

Reub. Persuade my father to leave the room.

Owen. No, no: thy father will not leave thee: thou hast fasted long, pray take some refreshment.

Reub. I cannot; my heart is here—choked! choked!

Cosey. But, perhaps she was beguiled away. Stratagem might have been used.

Mrs. M. Lord, what a head have I! Here's a letter she desired me to give Reuben. [Reuben takes it.]

Cosey. Oh, this may explain,—put—put all things to rights, you know. See, 'tis her hand.

Reub. [Kisses it.] Gone! She said——

Cosey. Read, read!

[Reuben attempts it, but gives the letter to Cosey.]

Cosey. Let us see. [Reads.] "What apology can I offer for thus abruptly leaving those who have so kindly sheltered and protected me? But love beckons, and pleasure awaits me: therefore, I hope the hearts of those I leave behind will pardon mine for thus following its ardent dictates."

Owen. Lost, abandoned girl!

Cosey. Cruel!

Reub. No, 'twas kindly meant to break my heart at once. [*Folding it to his breast.*] There, be satisfied.

Owen. How wild his eyes are! I fear his senses are unsettled.

Reub. Let me go, father, I shall be better alone. "Rosalie will never wound the heart that loves her!" An angel spoke those words, and they are false. Oh, tear them from my memory!—they burn! they madden! Father, why gird my poor brain with hoops of iron? In mercy, loose them. Ah, now I'm free!—Rosalie, I come!

[*Reub. rushes out, L.*]

Owen. Here, Williams!

Enter WILLIAMS, R.

Owen. Reuben has rushed out distracted. Ask not the cause,—follow, save him!

Mrs. M. Now, all I have to do, is to go into a poor-house and die.

Cosey. What! oh, you shameful lazy old woman! go into a poor-house when you can honestly earn fifty pounds a year as my housekeeper! Come, cheer up! But, where's the coach?

Enter EVANS, L.

Evans. The post-horses are knocked up. Coachman won't come.

Cosey. He won't! Dam'me, I'll trounce him! Do you go and just take his number, that's all!

Evans. His number?

Cosey. Oh, I forgot where I was.

Evans. Here's a letter, sir, from London. [*Exit, L.*]

Cosey. [*Taking it.*] From my clerk; come to tell me, I suppose, that stocks are ten per cent. against me, and that waddle is the word,—very well! never was in a better humour for it. [*Reads.*] "Sir, I am sorry to inform you,"—blessed journey I've made of it!—"that Captain Glenroy was yesterday arrested." [*Folds the letter.*]

Owen. What, my son, my dear Augustus,—nay, it shall not be concealed, let me know the worst; I can bear it, indeed I can.

Cosey. [*Reads.*] "I have, according to your order, settled with his creditor."

Owen. Good, kind friend!

Cosey. [*Reads.*] "*But I find he is completely ruined.*"

Owen. Wretched father! my heart will break.

Cosey. Dam'me if it shall, though, for a few odd thousands. I tell you what, I'll take Reuben to London with me,—it may amuse him, poor fellow! and I'm sure he'll go, when he knows he can serve his brother. He'll play the very devil in my little counting-house; but, never mind, he'll reform Augustus. Come, come, let's find him.

Owen. Would I were in my grave!

Cosey. No, no; that would not be what I call comfortable. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A desolate Mountain. Reuben discovered sitting on a Rock, R. S. E., in a state of apathy.*

Enter WILLIAMS and ROSS, L.

Wil. He's found!

Enter OWEN and COSEY, L.

Owen. (L. c.) Ah, my son! raise him from the ground. [*They bring him forward.*] Do you not know me, Reuben?

Reub. (c.) Yes.

Owen. Here are all your friends and neighbors—all that love you.

Reub. All that love me! [*Looks about.*] True, here are all.

Ross. See your poor father; pity his affliction!

Reub. My father! where? Oh! do not weep. See, I don't weep.

Cosey. [*Aside.*] Be sure you keep clear of Rosalie—speak of his brother.

Owen. Have I, then, no cause for weeping! Thy brother is ruined,—ruined by dissipation. You love him?

Reub. Love! whom?

Owen. Your dear brother. He is lost to virtue.

Reub. Who's lost to virtue? [*With quickness.*]

Owen. My son, Augustus.

Reub. Who? Augustus, did you say? What! tell me of him?

Owen. Reuben, you may yet save him.

Reub. What! save my brother? Oh, repeat, press it on my benumbed heart, that I can save—

Cosey. Yes, yes; you can: let us, my friend, leave this place.

Reub. Ay, ay, instantly, for there she once reclined.

[*Covering his face.*]

Owen. Take leave of your friends.

[*They approach him.*]

Ross. You will still remember us.

Wil. Still love us, Reuben.

Reub. [*Bursts into tears.*] I have now more cause than ever, for you have made this heart to beat again; but strong reasons prevent my ever returning with you to those scenes where we were all so happy. Heaven bless you: now to Augustus—lose not a moment.

Cosey. Ay, go, go.

Owen. His poor father would die to save him.

Ceub. His brother will do more—he will live to save him.

[*Exeunt Reuben and Owen, L.*]

Cosey. Farewell to you!

Ross. Ah! the poor will have cause to mourn his loss.

Cosey. Oh, true; here be Reuben's agent. Take this purse there. Good-bye to you all. [*Exeunt Peasants, R.*] And now—[*Taking off his hat, and bowing.*] Farewell, Ma'am Nature, as I don't mean to trouble you again, grateful for all favours: you have broke my coach, broke my shins, broke my rest, and almost broke my heart. However, I have learnt to post your account under the proper heads: for zephyrs, read hurricanes; for dew-drops, hail-stones as big as bullets; for calm content, thunder and discord; and for village paradise, the devil's own workshop.

[*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT III.

A C T I V.

*SCENE I.—*A fashionable Egyptian Room in London.*

Enter STILT, with various Tradesmen, R.

Stilt. Porter, attend the door, for your master, Mr. Trot, is expected from the country every moment; and mind, show him in here, the new Egyptian room. [*Tradesmen advance, offering money.*] Really, this is extremely irregular. It is true, that, as Major Domo to Mr. Trot, certain douceurs appertain to my office from you gentlemen tradesmen. But presenting money in this way, is indelicate and improper, because, by accepting one offer, I may preclude a more liberal negotiator. Therefore, attend: our expenditure will be enormous, but our resources are infinite. To-morrow, bring your proposals sealed up. The biddings may be at per centage on profits; but remember, that I shall require security for the performance of your contracts, and that no tender can be received after one o'clock. [*A knock at the door, L.*] Retire, and wait. [*Exeunt Tradesmen, R.*] Attend the door.

Enter THOMAS, preceding MR. TROT, who, looking about, stumbles against STILT.—Exit Thomas, L.

Trot. So, one fashionable buck is here already.—Oh, I know Mrs. Glenroy expected her husband.—Captain Glenroy, I presume?

Stilt. No, sir: I have the honour to be Major Domo—

Trot. Sir, I humbly ask pardon.

Enter MRS. TROT, L.

Trot. My dear, give me leave.—Mrs. Trot,—Major Domo: Major Domo,—Mrs. Trot.

Mrs. T. I shall sink with shame.—Major, indeed!

Trot. Then, what gentleman is——

Mrs. T. Your gentleman—your servant.

Trot. Oh! [*Walks round him, and compares clothes.*]

Stilt. Yes, sir, my talents are yours; the consideration eighty pounds a year, and your wardrobe.

* This Scene is usually omitted in the Representation.

Trot. Oh, eighty pounds, and you take my clothes. Suppose I make it a hundred, and let me take yours?

Mrs. T. Mr. Trot, I blush for you. 'Tis time, indeed, your drapery was changed. Let the proper people attend.

Still. Yes, Ma'am.

[*Exit, L.*

Enter MRS. GLENROY, R.

Mrs. G. What, quarrelling so soon with the purveyors of taste? I assure you, fashion is very accommodating. But where is Augustus all this while?

[*Knocking at the door.*

Mrs. T. Perhaps, 'tis he: I vow, I long to see him.

Enter CAPTAIN GLENROY, L.

Mrs. G. My dear husband!

Capt. G. My sweet Honoria!

Mrs. G. Ah! you don't look well, Augustus.

Capt. G. Fatigued by military duty, nothing more.—But, tell me, what says your father? Is he reconciled to our marriage? Has your journey been a happy one.

Mrs. G. Oh, no: he refused even to see me. But come, don't look so triste. How is our sweet infant—well?

Capt. G. Quite well.

Mrs. G. Have you longed for my return? I shall hear what a rake you've been. But I ask a thousand pardons. I prattle out of tune. Captain Glenroy. [*Presenting him.*

Mrs. T. Charming fellow!

Trot. Pretty soul.

Capt. G. Your protection of Mrs. Glenroy, Madam, claims my acknowledgments.

Mrs. T. Sir, I hope you will consider this house, and its pleasures, at your command.

Capt. G. Infinitely obliged by your politeness.

Trot. [*To Mrs. Glenroy.*] Never mind fathers.—You'll find those who will be happy to serve you.

Mrs. G. Highly flattered by your friendship.

[*Trot and Mrs. Trot advance on Mr. and Mrs. Glenroy, who, bowing, retreat unperceived.*

<i>Trot.</i>	} To each other.	{ Beautiful woman! Oh, lud!
<i>Mrs. T.</i>		
		{ You are not going?

[*Captain and Mrs. Glenroy advance.*

Capt. G. We must intrude here no longer.

Mrs. T. Positively, I forbid it, till you have taken refreshments. Happy pair! And yet, my young friends, you'll find wretches, who will want to part you.

Mrs. G. [*Affecting alarm.*] Do you think so?

Trot. Oh, yes.

Mrs. G. [*Smothering a laugh.*] I vow you quite alarm me. Then, how prudent will it be in us, to cement a friendship here, where we behold the sweet union of two hearts, which at once excites our envy and imitation.

Mrs. Trot. Very true:—We are indeed blessed. [*To Trot, angrily, and aside.*] Why don't you look tender.

Mrs. G. There's an interesting picture! Come, my Augustus!

Capt. G. My sweet Honoria.

[*They join hands.—Exeunt, L.*

Mrs. T. [*Imitating.*] Come, my Peter!

Trot. Oh, my Peggy!

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*London—Plastic's House—Staircase in the c. of the stage.*

PLASTIC descends, with a key in his hand.

Plas. (c.) Very well, my proud heroine! If you will be insensible to the pleasures I intend you, I must refer you to time, and a patent lock, both warranted sure in their operations. Unreasonable Rosalie Somers! Sweet name! 'twould be a thousand pities to change it! Not but a sham marriage would be a convenient sedative enough for the qualms of conscience. But, damn it, they are only to be found in novels or plays.

Enter HAWBUCK, L., running.

Haw. Lord, sir, I'm glad I've found you.

Plas. Where have you been?

Haw. That's what I want to know. They sent me out to look for you, and they told me to call at the Cocoa Tree—the Thatched House. But damn the tree or thatched house could I see in the whole place.

Plas. Ha, ha, ha!

Haw. But I say, sir, had you seen, as I was jaistering

along, how waggishly the lasses looked at me—made I quite shameful.—Ah! thinks I, I wish I knew where to buy some of that pratty bold stuff that you put on your faces. So, looking about, I saw written again a house side, “The London Assurance.”—Dam’t, says I, this is the shop, and in I jumped; but I ware wrong again—however, they told me not to be frightful, for they would insure me my life, which was very civil; for, just before, I had a’most been run over wid coaches.

[*A knocking at the door, L.*

Plas. See who’s at the door. [*Hawbuck going, R.*

That’s not the way.

Haw. You know I can see who it is at window.

Plas. Answer the door.

Haw. Answer a door! he, he, he!

Plas. ’Sdeath! open it.

Haw. Oh!—[*Exit, L.—Returns.*] Sur, it be Captain Glenroy.

Plas. Show him in; and, do you hear?—when he is gone, carry some refreshments up stairs—You understand—be careful.

[*Giving him the key.*

Haw. Oh, snug.

[*Exit, L.*

Re-enter HAWBUCK, showing in CAPTAIN GLENROY, L.—Exit HAWBUCK, R.

Plas. (R. c.) Glenroy, I’m very glad to see you.

Capt. G. (L. c.) Thank you, Charles.

[*Throws himself into a chair.*

Plas. You seem disturbed. [*With keen inquiry.*] Any ill news from Wales?

Capt. G. No, no. [*Aside.*] Thank Heaven, they are unacquainted with my conduct. Did my poor father know my folly, my misery!

[*Strikes his forehead.*

Plas. Well, how has fortune behaved to you?

Capt. G. As she does to all who trust her—beggared me.

Plas. Some she enriches.

Capt. G. None: those who win, put their trust in a deity that takes more care of its votaries. The child of fortune plays fair, and is ruined; the pupil of fraud cheats and thrives.

[*Rises.*

Plas. Then, why pursue a losing game?

Capt. G. Why does the glutton banquet with the gout? Why does the lover court the mistress who wrongs him? Simply, because he's mad. However, I am cured.

Plas. [*Aside.*] Those who have not left themselves a guinea to stake, generally are.

Capt. G. Gaming, Charles, must end in ruin.

Plas. And life must end in death, yet we're devilish jolly! [*Rises.*] And remember, that a lucky moment a play, like the crisis of a fever, may produce convalescence in our purses, and make us good for another campaign [*Aside.*] I wish he were gone.—So, spite of your lecture I shall be off to the club.

Capt. G. Happy fellow!—I mean, I pity you.

Plas. Ha, ha! thank you.

Capt. G. I have done, I tell you; and my commission—

Plas. Will amply support the establishment of the most fashionable wife in town, ha, ha!

Capt. G. Damnation! But for my beloved Honoria, I could smile at poverty. By all that's sacred, 'tis for her sake alone that—

Plas. You will condescend to accept the loan of a few hundreds, and once more try— [*Presenting notes.*]

Capt. G. Charles—generous fellow!—If you really think I ought to try once more, why—

Plas. Upon my soul, I do.

Capt. G. But, only once more.

Plas. Oh! certainly—only once more. Well, Glenroy, I'll follow you—throw boldly, my boy—but don't clear all out; leave me the sweepings.

Capt. G. Farewell. Hope and despair both urge me on.

Exit, 1.

Enter HAWBUCK, C. D. F., carrying refreshments.

Plas. Very well—not a word. [*Hawbuck ascends the stairs.*] So, Glenroy is in my power, and if the necessities of his wife should require the same sum, why, she'll be in my power too. [*A crash of broken china and glass is heard.*] Clumsy scoundrel! [*Hawbuck runs down the stairs.*]

Haw. Lord have mercy, sir!

Plas. What's the matter!

Haw. Matter! Why, Miss up-stairs be gone.

Plas. [Seizing him by the collar.] Gone! impossible!

Haw. Quite impossible. [*Plastic runs up.*] Only she happens not to be there, that's all.

Plas. [*Above.*] The window forced! When—how? [*Descends.*] Run!

Haw. Yes, sir.

Plas. Where are you running?

Haw. I don't know.

Plas. 'Tis all owing to your damned stupidity.—You should have watched, and—distraction! my hopes destroyed, my conduct exposed. [*Walks about agitated.*

Haw. Ha, ha! Ecod! she mun be a nice clever lass, however, like.

Plas. [*With suppressed irritation.*] 'Tis amusing, isn't it?

Haw. Yes, varry, I think,—he, he!

Plas. (R.) You do—here are five pounds for you.

Haw. Thank you, sir: nice snug place, this, I've got.

Plas. Now, go: I discharge you! go! [*Violently.*

Haw. Go! where? [*Alarmed.*

Plas. To the devil.—Go! [*Points to the door.*

Haw. I'll follow you, sir, if you please.

Plas. If you remain in this house five minutes, I'll break every bone in your infernal ugly body. Out-tricked! exposed! [*Exit, L.*

Haw. My ugly body! That's malice. Ecod! he's gone: however, I've got five pounds, and this grand coat. Come, that's fair enough for three days' service. Ecod! I'm not quite so sure that I will go home. For if your cockneys be such flats as that, there can be no call for a lad brought up in Yorkshire, to be in a hurry to go away. [*Exit, R.*

SCENE III.—A Fashionable street.

Enter COSEY and REUBEN.

Cosey. (c.) [*Singing as he enters.*] "Oh, rare London Town! charming London Town!" Thank heaven, here we are! Ay, here are nice hard flags to walk on—there are your houses, so pretty, all of a row, like my ledgers. Does it not raise your spirits, eh? Only see me in the city by-and-by—up to Lloyd's—down to the Jerusalem—

cross to the Bank—into the Alley—pop to Garraway's. But, heyday, Reuben! what are you looking for, eh?

Reub. (R. c.) Is not my brother's residence in this neighbourhood.

Cosey. Oh! true. Egad! I had quite forgot. There the prodigal lives: but he is not worth our care.

Reub. Oh, sir! the hope of restoring a brother to virtue, is the only balmy drop that is mingled in my cup of bitterness: do not dash it from my lips.

Cosey. He is an incorrigible gamester.

Reub. I hope not. But should his misfortunes urge him to despair—think of my poor father. Who then will cheer his latter days?

Cosey. Has he not Reuben?

Reub. He may not live long.

Cosey. Come, come, no more of that. There's my pocket-book; the contents are yours. But don't let brotherly love get the better of honest discretion.

Reub. Worthy friend, doubt me not.

Cosey. Good-bye! but damn the dumps. I'll soon put you in spirits. I say, I'll show you our hall, and Bedlam, and Newgate; and we'll be so jolly! And should I hear anything of Rosalie—My dear fellow, I ask a thousand pardons for bringing her to your mind.

Reub. [*With a melancholy smile.*] Bringing her to my mind! Ah, sir! [*Exit, R.*]

Cosey. An ungrateful jade! Where can she be? Pugh! no matter. I would not go the length of this cane to save her from—[*Looking out.*] Eh! why, sure, is that—[*Running and calling.*]—Rosalie! won't you speak to your old guardian? Oh, lud! no—nothing like her.—No, not the length of this cane!

Enter TROT, L.

Ah, my old friend!—Welcome to London!

Trot. [*In a melancholy tone.*] Thank you.

Cosey. Isn't it a jolly place?

Trot. Oh, very.

Cosey. But, heyday! you don't seem to be what I call comfortable.

Trot. No, not particularly so.

Cosey. That's because you don't live in the city.—Here, even their language is unintelligible.

Trot. Oh! but I've learned some of that. When anybody says, "How are you?" I am to say, I am in great force, and that my wife's in high preservation; then I'm to throw in taste and style into every sentence, just like mace and cloves in a cookery book.

Cosey. Then, their late hours—

Trot. Why, that's pretty well managed: for, when we have a party, I am to sup before dinner, and then I can attend to the guests. But, zounds! they won't attend to me: they make such a fuss about the new woman, as they call my wife, that nobody thinks of the old man. Last night, when the rooms were as full as a bag of cotton, they elbowed me about, till I was forced to tell them who was the man of the house; and then, a squalid, nankeen-faced fop lounged up to me, munching a bunch of grapes that cost me a guinea, and, sputtering the skins in my face, said I was a damned fine fellow, and had better go to bed.

Cosey. Oh, 'tis like them.

Trot. But that was nothing to what I went through at the club.

Cosey. What! have you been at a stylish club, too?

Trot. Oh, yes: and one member said, if I would make it worth his while, he would caricature me; another asked me if I was ever out? I said, every morning; then they all laughed at me. In short, they set me on fire with ice-cream made of cayenne, and quenched me with claret; and, when I was completely, what they called, turned up, they ordered a porter, pinned my direction on my back, and sent me home as damaged goods.

Cosey. Ha, ha! Oh, rare London! I beg your pardon—ha, ha! [*Looking at his watch.*] Egad! I must be off to 'Change.

Trot. Ah, if I could but muster courage enough to have my own way—

Cosey. Why, that can't require much resolution.

Trot. And go into the country.

Cosey. Ah! that must require a good deal. But, zounds! be determined; and, if you dislike your stylish life, sell the house, and all that's in it.

Trot. Why, I've had it but a week.

Cosey. So much the more fashionable: for now the run to ruin is so rapid, that the upholsterer has hardly done knocking up, when in pops the auctioneer, and he begins knocking down. [*Exit, L.*]

Trot. What an expense! How many times must my spinning-jennies turn round before this account is balanced! Among them, I was happy—so busy from morning to night, I had not time to eat or sleep. Ah! those jolly times are over! Here, I may twirl my thumbs all day, or—

Enter ROSALIE, L., running.

Rosa. (L. c.) Oh, in mercy save me! [*Sinking down.*]

Trot. (c.) A woman in distress! Be composed—there, there! [*Supporting her.*]

Rosa. Oh, defend me!

Trot. That I will.

Rosa. I fear I'm pursued.

Trot. No, no—you are safe. What do you fear?—From whom do you fly?

Rosa. A wretch, who, by a vile stratagem, tore me from my friends, and, as he thought, secured—

Trot. Don't tremble so. There—recover your spirits. And how did you escape?

Rosa. I'll tell you, sir; the room I was confined in looked into an obscure street, where I observed some workmen employed. I watched an opportunity, by signs, to implore their assistance, and showed them my purse. Fortunately, they understood me, and raised a ladder against the window, which they forced open, and thus enabled me to effect my escape. I threw them their reward, and fled; but I fear I shall be pursued.

Trot. Fear nothing.—Where shall I conduct you?

Rosa. Alas! I know not; my friends live in Wales, sir.

Trot. Well, well; my house is at hand, and I shall like it the better for sheltering you, my pretty innocent? So come. Have you any objection to inform me who you are?

Rosa. Oh, sir, I have no concealments. My name is Rosalie Somers.

Trot. Rosalie Somers! Zounds! what shall I do?—

You must know, Miss Somers, that I had the misfortune—no, I mean simply, I married into the family of the Plastics : and my wife—she—that is, perhaps—

Rosa. I understand : she would not receive me. Deserted, miserable girl !

Trot. Hold ! I certainly am married to Mrs. Trot, but as certainly not wedded to her opinions. And, though, between ourselves, I believe I may have sunk a little the dignity of the husband, I hope I have not degraded the character of the man ; so fear nothing. I'll conduct you to the protection of a kind lady, the Honourable Mrs. Glenroy.

Rosa. Mrs. Glenroy !—She is related to my dearest friends. Oh, thanks, thanks ! Would I were there !

Trot. Why, sure, you are not afraid of me ?

Rosa. No, sir ; you look like a very harmless gentleman.

Trot. Egad ! they would not find me so who attempted to insult you ; and, so far from fearing to encounter a hundred of your fighting-bloods, curse me if I think I should be afraid of meeting Mrs. Trot ! I dare say I shall look quite smart by her side. [*Cocking his hat.*] So, take my arm, my dear ; nay, don't hurry ; we'll proceed leisurely, and enjoy the walk, and talk of this, that, and t'other. [*Exeunt, R., arm in arm ; he strutting and flourishing his cane.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Captain Glenroy's House.*

Enter REUBEN, preceded by ROBERT, L.

Reub. Your lady, you say, is in her own apartment.

Serv. Yes, sir ; I believe she is dressing.

Reub. I wish to speak with her.

Serv. I don't think she'll be at home, sir,

Reub. Why, 'sdeath ! don't you say she is at home ?

Serv. No, sir ; I only say she is not out.

Reub. Psha ! go, and acquaint her a gentleman must see her immediately.

Serv. Your name, sir ?

Reub. I'll tell her my name, sir.—Go. [*Exit Robert, R.*] How changed my nature ! I feel my heart contract within me, as if it shrunk from all commerce with social

feeling. Let me not, however, while I lament that vice is the common shade in the portrait of the human heart—no, let me not forget, that it is but the shade;—and infernal must that eye be, which dwells only on the sombre spots of the picture, blind to the warm colouring of the affections, and the glowing tints of active benevolence.

Enter MRS. GLENROY, R. H.

Mrs. G. (L. c.) Sir, I am quite shocked that you should have been admitted.

Reub. Madam, I didn't mean to intrude. [*Retiring.*]

Mrs. G. Dear sir, don't mistake. I presume you know 'tis the height of ill-breeding to let anybody in, that's kind enough to inquire after one's health.

Reub. I did not know that, madam; yet am glad to receive from your fair self the pleasing evidence that the inquiry is needless.

Mrs. G. I am well, I thank you, sir. Health is quite the fashion.

Reub. Indeed! then I hope, for your sake, madam, fashion will no longer be distinguished for its fickleness.

Mrs. G. To whom am I indebted for these kind wishes!

Reub. Madam, I am the elder brother of that miserable and degraded man, your husband.

Mrs. G. Miserable! degraded! [*Indignantly.*]

Reub. Ay, lady.—Must he not be miserable, who risks at play what might preserve his family from ruin? Is he not degraded, who, by dissipation, contracts debts, and withholds from honest industry its hard-earned pittance?

Mrs. G. Vulgar and contemptible! You the brother of Augustus?

Reub. I have confessed it.

Mrs. G. I am sorry for it.

Reub. So am I. But I prefer humiliation to falsehood.

Mrs. G. [Courtesying.] I would wish, sir, to be mistress of my own time, as soon as it may suit your convenience. [*Going.*]

Reub. Madam, my business here is to serve, rather than to please; to speak the severe language of truth, not the soft blandishments of flattery. Yet, believe me,

my nature (though perhaps blunt) is averse to insult; and, should I prosper in snatching a beloved brother from ruin, the joy of my heart will be damped indeed, if, in saving him, I forfeit your kind estimation.

Mrs. G. [*Presenting her hand.*] All is forgotten.—You are my husband's brother.

Reub. And your devoted friend. [*Taking her hand and kissing it.*] How does your sweet infant? Where is my little nephew?

Mrs. G. Quite well, and with his nurse.

Reub. Surely, I am with his nurse?

Mrs. G. Oh, no, sir; 'tis not the fashion for ladies—

Reub. The fashion! Now, is it possible, a woman should be so lost to her own felicity, as to lavish on a hireling the cherub smile of instinctive gratitude, which beams in the eye of infancy, while nestling on that bosom, at once the fountain of its life and pillow of its rest? Oh, my young matrons, in thus estranging your little offspring, you forsee not the perdition you cause; you know not the earthly paradise you abandon.

Mrs. G. [*Strongly affected.*] Sir—you are eloquent.

Reub. 'Tis the subject that is so: Nature wants no orator to plead her cause. Ha! a tear! Oh, hide it not! Believe me, my dear sister, no gem that sparkles in your dress is half so ornamental as that glistening drop, which your overflowing heart now shoots into your eye, endearing evidence of maternal sympathy.

Mrs. G. I feel my error. Oh! why did not your brother thus admonish, thus—

Reub. I am your friend, but he is your lover: and he who loves truly will suffer much ere he can teach his eye the scowl of discontent. Long, long will his heart throb with agony, before one groan shall disturb your slumbers, one breath of reproof ruffle your peaceful bosom.

Mrs. G. Ah! you have loved. [*Reuben agitated.*] Are you ill?

Reub. 'Twas nothing; 'tis past. I have learnt where your husband will pass his evening. I'll bring him to you.

Mrs. G. Oh, he will not leave his party.

Reub. He shall! He will not need compulsion to

come to the wife he loves. His fortunes are most desperate,—his character, his honour, perhaps his life, implicated.

Mrs. G. Oh, heavens! In mercy do not say so.

Reub. Do you, then, love my poor brother?

Mrs. G. Better than my life, a thousand times.

Reub. Poor, did I call him? Ah! he possesses—

Mrs. G. What?

Reub. A treasure worth the empire of the world—a virtuous woman's heart. Fear nothing, all shall be well.

Mrs. G. [*Kissing his hand.*] I promised my dear Augustus to meet him this evening at a party. I shall be late.

Reub. Pray, do not go!

Mrs. G. Not go?

Reub. Come, 'tis the first favour I ever asked you.

Mrs. G. The whole world will be there.

Reub. And cannot the whole world go on without you for one night? Hush! I heard some one lamenting.

Mrs. G. 'Tis the cry of my dear little infant.

Reub. Ay, it wants its mother. Come, I long to hold it in my arms.

Mrs. G. But my dress is unfit—

Reub. The best in the world; these gewgaws will delight the child: they're fit for nothing else.

[*Exeunt, R.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Subscription House. An elegant supper set out; another table, on which are pens, ink, paper, &c. An ante-chamber, with door in c., leading to a hazard-room, &c. First Waiter, attending. Dice-box heard.*

Groom Porter. [*In the Hazard-Room.*] Ace! caster out—

Capt. G. [*In the Hazard-Room.*] Fresh dice!

G. Por. Ready, sir; goes' a main.

Enter Second Waiter.

First W. Well, what's doing?

Second W. The Pharo's flimsy, but there's some famous strong Hazard.

Enter REUBEN, L.

Reub. So, here it is that fortune distributes smiles that madden, and frowns that destroy. Her temple is indeed magnificent.

First W. Sir, I believe you're not a subscriber.

Reub. Neither to the place, nor to the opinion of its members. Is Captain Glenroy here?

First W. Yes, sir.

Reub. I must see him.

First W. I dare not disturb him.

Reub. Indeed! Luckily, however, I dare.

First W. Beg pardon, sir, but you mustn't go there: it would be as much as my place is worth.

Reub. Then, sir, he must come to me. His wife wants him at home. [*Waiter stifles a laugh.*] Why, is truth never spoken here, that you stare so, when you hear it? I must in, I see.

First W. Indeed, sir, none enter that room but gentlemen who play. [*Dice-box heard.*]

Reub. Well, I play. How do they play? What do they do? Oh, I perceive my mistake: fortune's candidates, like others, are, I suppose, expected to produce their qualifications. Look here—look here. [*Showing notes.*] Are not these documents excellent proofs of my eligibility to a seat there?

First W. They are the right sort of thing, sir, certainly.

Reub. I thought so. [*Approaching the door, c.*] Play! amusement! Why, to my ear, 'tis compounded of the lamentations of misery, the laugh of madness, and the execration of fiends. What fixed despair is settled in that face. 'Tis my brother—leave the room—begone.

[*Exeunt Waiters, &c.*]

Enter CAPTAIN GLENROY, c., from the Hazard-Room.

Capt. G. My fate's concluded! Ruined beyond hope!—Where shall I go?—to my home? To conduct my wife and child to a prison? When I reflect on what I was, and what I am! Ah! my dear father, are these

the fruits of all thy pious cares? Reuben, too—he, happy with his Rosalie, [*Reuben catches at a chair for support,*] little thinks what tortures rend his wretched brother's heart—my beloved wife!—will she not hate, perhaps abandon me? Oh, for poison!

[*Sinks into a chair, and covers his face with his hands.*]

Reub. [*Aside.*] If you love as I have done, and she should desert you, you will not need the poison you call so loudly for.

Capt. G. Will wine give a respite to this agony? [*Fills and drinks.*] No, no; death, death only.—[*His hand falls on a knife, which he seizes.*] Ah! called him, and he's here. Awful moment! Yet let me pause—I dare not think—Fountain of mercy, pardon a wretch. [*Reuben seizes his arm.*] Horror! do I behold Reuben?

Reub. Do I behold Augustus? Madman—suicide—brother! [*Falls into his arms.*] Oh! to meet you thus!

Capt. G. Pity and leave me!—I'm lost to happiness—to hope!

Reub. Are you lost to virtue? Look there: is that the tomb of a dear brother's honour?

[*Pointing to the Hazard-room.*]

Capt. G. My soul sickens at it!

Reub. Be honest with me: is there anything could tempt you again to game?

Capt. G. Not empires!

Reub. Can you resolutely promise that?

Capt. G. Solemnly: and swear by that insulted power—

[*Bows.*]

Reub. No oaths!—Truth is sufficiently sacred. [*Takes his hand with joyful exultation.*] My brother shall again know happiness.

Capt. G. Impossible!

Reub. Did I ever deceive you?

Capt. G. No: but you know not the extent of my losses—deeply involved—my commission pledged for a debt of honour.

Reub. Was it not before pledged to your country?—And is it thus you discharge that debt of honour?

Capt. G. Oh, spare me! I am, indeed, dishonoured!

Reub. Come, come; that, too, shall be redeemed.

Capt. G. Best of men! Ah, Reuben, you look much altered. Tell me——

Reub. Of myself hereafter. I shall be better when I see you happy. Come, leave this accursed place; your wife expects you.

Capt. G. I cannot join the gay circle where she now shines.

Reub. She is at home, and with one who loves her.

Capt. G. Who loves her?

Reub. With your child, my brother: go and seek happiness where only 'tis to be found—in the bosom of your family.

Capt. G. My wife remain at home!—You do not know her.

Reub. Much better than you do. You inebriate her mind with draughts of flattery, and then wonder at the want of reason yourself have caused. Instead of courting a woman's smiles by adulation, resolve by manly propriety to secure her respect;—instead of being the servile echo of her opinion, be the mild, yet firm, asserter of your own. Wives, my dear Augustus, may love to control; but, take my word for it, they must despise the tame obsequiousness that submits to such usurpation. Go—go; I'll follow, and bring your benefactor to you.

Capt. G. Yet, tell me: my dear father—is he well?

Reub. Yes.

Capt. G. And how is—

Reub. No more inquiries, but begone. Stay—stay!—To whom have you pledged your commission?

Capt. G. To Charles Plastic.

Reub. To whom?

Capt. G. Mr. Plastic. What agitates you? Here he is.

Reub. Away—away, then: I'll soon be with you.

[*Exit Captain Glenroy, L.*]

Enter PLASTIC from the Hazard-Room.

Plas. Waiter, is my carriage there?

Enter First Waiter from the Hazard-Room.

Wai. Not yet, sir.

Plas. Let me know the moment it comes! [*Exit Waiter, L.*] A precious lucky day I've had of it! [*Sits.*]

Idiot! fool!—to kick down every thing by backing out one infernal hand, and leave myself minus—I dare not think how much! Well, Glenroy's commission must go, and the rest must be raised—heaven knows where. What do you want? [To Reuben.]

Reub. So little, that I am come to enrich you.

Plas. [Rising.] Upon my soul, I'm very much obliged to you. Can I offer any—

Reub. I want nothing of you but your attention. You are acquainted with Captain Glenroy?

Plas. My dearest friend.

Reub. From which dearest friend you have won that which you must know will utterly ruin him.

Plas. Indeed!

Reub. Dishonour him in the eyes of those honest men, who have trusted, and must suffer by him.

Plas. Really! [Yawning.]

Reub. And make his lovely and amiable wife for ever wretched.

Plas. No—there you wrong me. Upon my honour, I mean to do all I can to make her happy.

Reub. I'm glad to hear that, however.

Plas. [Aside.] A precious stupid fellow I've got here!

Reub. Well, sir, I concur with you in feeling the warmest friendship for Glenroy; only we differ a little in our mode of showing it. He tells me he has pledged his commission to you: for how much?

Plas. A couple of cool thousands; and I should be devilish glad to see half of it.

Reub. There, sir, is the whole of it. [Presents notes.]

Plas. My dear sir, I'm under the highest obligations. [Aside.] Who the devil is he? I should like to know a little more of this gentleman.—Sir, this favour is so unexpected—so opportune—I wish from my soul I could, in return, render any service—afford any information.

Reub. You could, perhaps, give me some information on a matter I am much interested in; but it would trouble you with the hearing of a dull tale.

Plas. Trouble!—On the contrary, by the honor of your confidence, my feelings would be highly gratified. [Aside.] Who the devil can this be?

Reub. (l. c.) At all events, your curiosity shall. [They

sit.] My father's fire-side was made happy by the presence of a lady, to whose surpassing virtues and accomplished mind this heart paid a homage. Sir, 'twas adoration—perhaps, 'twas impious.

Plas. (R. c.) And her person—

Reub. Oh, the sculptor might have studied her features to improve the Medicean Venus. Her eyes, complexion, form—Keep me to my story, will you, for I am apt to wander. One stormy night, of more than common violence, the cry of distressed travellers reached us.

Plas. Travellers!—Where might this happen?

Reub. In Wales. Perhaps you have been there, and witnessed those sudden storms?

Plas. I have been there.

Reub. Lately?

Plas. Not very.

Reub. Oh! I rushed forth, and at some personal peril, reached the place, where I found a gentleman extended on the ground, cold and insensible—the drifting snow forming over him a wintry shroud. I took him in my arms, and, strengthened by the hope of saving a fellow-creature, bore him in safety to my father's house.

Plas. [*Aside.*] The man that saved my life! Thank heaven, he does not know me!—Such conduct was brave, noble—

Reub. If you please, we will call things by their proper names. 'Twas the conscientious discharge of an imperious duty, nothing more. Yet, perhaps, you'll think it claimed some little return of gratitude.

Plas. [*Embarrassed.*] Oh, certainly.

Reub. And how was it paid? I warmed this serpent into life; our hospitable roof sheltered him; this lady watched his bed; he, devil-like, poured into her ear the poison of his flattery; coiled round her unsuspecting heart; bore her from friends—from honour; devoted me to misery—to madness—

Plas. Hold!—Could you not recognise his features?

Reub. No; his face was disfigured by the blood that flowed from a wound he had received in his forehead—like that. [*Pointing to a mark on Plastic's forehead.*]

Plas. A scratch with a foil in exercise. 'Tis unlucky that his name should be unknown.

Reub. Ay; but his name is known.

Enter First Waiter, L.

First Wai. Mr. Plastic, your carriage waits. [*Exit, L.*

Plas. Damnation! Sir, I shall take an opportunity of expressing my gratitude. [*Going, L.*

Reub. [*Catching his arm.*] Nay, think not to escape me: these sinews are braced by rigorous toil; the blood that rushes from this heart flows like its feelings—warm, steady, and uncorrupted. Where is she, sir?—Where is my—where is your Rosalie?

Plas. Sir, we this morning parted; she left me to—

Reub. And with honour?

Plas. With honour. [*Reuben expresses thanks to heaven.*

Reub. One question more: does she love you?

Plas. Does that require an answer? She left your protection for mine; I thought you had received a letter from her, expressive of—

Reub. It is enough. I promised Rosalie my life should be devoted to her happiness; the task is hard indeed, but it shall be performed. She has given you her heart: sir, you must make yourself worthy of it by the only atonement in your power.

Plas. As how?

Reub. By marrying her?

Plas. Marry her?

Reub. Surely he does not understand me! The punishment assigned you for shooting the icy bolt of death through this heart, which rekindled life in yours, is to marry Rosalie Somers: to pass your life with her—to have cherubs climb your knees, that call her mother: in sickness and misfortune, to have her hand to smooth the pillow for your head—her love to soothe the sorrows of your heart! [*Sits and writes.*] You say you owe me gratitude: sign this—the debt is paid.

Plas. What does it contain?

Reub. A promise of marriage.

Plas. Sir, I adore Miss Somers; and, were not my fortune so inadequate to—

Reub. But she is rich—immensely rich: the Cardigan estate is hers.

Plas. Indeed!—The best speculation that could possibly offer.—Sir, I only wished the means to make her happy, and sign it with joy. [*Signs, and goes, L.*

Reub. 'Tis done. [*Recovering himself.*] Do me the favour of meeting me in half an hour at our friend's.

Plas. Friend! Who?

Reub. Have you so soon forgot your dearest friend, Glenroy?

Plas. Oh, Glenroy.—I'll be punctual. [*Exit Plastic, l.*

Reub. Now then to seek, and, for the last time, to look on her. [*Looks at the paper.*] Come, get acquainted here, [*Putting it next his heart.*] thou contract for Rosalie's happiness—thou warrant for Reuben's death. [*Exit, l.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Glenroy's House.—A Swing-cradle.—Nurse attending.—Mrs. Glenroy, in a plain dress, leaning over the Child.—Captain Glenroy attending.*

"*Mrs. G.* He sleeps! Ah, my husband, now we are awakened from our feverish dream of folly, let it be our care, by virtuous precept, and more persuasive example, that the smile of content, which now plays round this infant's lips, may be continued there in riper years.

"*Capt. G.* My sweet monitress.

"*Mrs. G.* But don't suppose, my dear, I mean to wage vulgar war against fashion: 'tis a science, and, like others, is disgraced by quacks and pretenders. Oh! to form a real woman of fashion, the Muses and Graces must join in sweet alliance with the Virtues. Such a character, I own, I wish to emulate, and therefore, in future, instead of always asking others if this or this be the fashion, I will frequently ask myself if it ought to be.

"*Enter MRS. GLENROY'S MAID, R.*

"*Serv.* Madam, the young lady Mr. Trot brought here to-day, is now awake. She seems much refreshed, and entreats to see you.

"*Mrs. G.* I'll wait on her." [*Exit Maid.*

Capt. G. 'Tis very mysterious! Pray, my love, did Miss Somers at all explain?

Mrs. G. Dear, interesting girl! she wished it, but was so agitated and fatigued, that I positively forbade it, till she had taken repose. All I learnt was, she was taken from your father's house by a person of the name of Maitland.

Capt. G. Reuben is strongly attached to her.

Mrs. G. Then pray, now, let me have the pleasure of telling him she's here.

Enter REUBEN and COSEY, L.

Reub. There, sir, there. *[Retires up.]*

Cosey. Eh! egad, this is what I call comfortable!

Reub. This is your work—this is your benefactor.

Cosey. Don't thank me—my work! No, no,—I could not have managed it. To be sure, if you had been confined, and your health very bad, and the goal very damp, I might, perhaps, have given freedom to your body; but he has removed the chains of destructive habits, he has given health to your mind—and, dam'me if I don't make London ring—

Mrs. G. (c.) Dear sir, you'll wake my child!

Cosey. I say, what have you called him?

Capt. G. (r. c.) His name is to be Christopher.

Cosey. Nay, nay, you're joking. What, my name? Ah! where would be the pleasure of watching the turn of the market, if it was not for thinking, when I'm laid low, that your saucy brats will point to my picture, *[Weeps,]* and say that's the jolly old dog that left us all the money.

Capt. G. Dear sir, far distant be that hour.

Cosey. [Takes their hands with firmness.] Ah, my boy! settling-day must come to us all. But, if we take care that the balance appears on the side of probity, and warm feeling to our fellow-men, doubt not but our accounts will be passed with errors excepted. But come, Captain, you must with me, to prepare for the city in the morning. You are set on your legs, to be sure; but we must enable you to wag them a bit, and a transfer-receipt is an excellent recipe. But zounds! why do you hang back?

Capt. G. Sir, I have creditors there who—

Cosey. Pugh! *[Producing pocket-book.]* Here's ammunition enough in this old cartridge-box, to blow all the bailiffs to the devil. But why did you go into the city to borrow of the Jews?

Capt. G. Because, sir, I found them much more conscientious than Christian money-lenders.

Cosey. There, there, Reuben! you see the city's the

place, even if a man wants to be ruined.

[*Exeunt Cosey and Captain Glenroy.*]

Mrs. G. [*Leaning on Reuben's shoulder.*] Well, won't you smile? You shall, though. For know, sir, that to a woman of spirit a debt of gratitude is an irksome feeling. So, I am come to clear off mine by informing you that Miss Somers is in this house. Oh, if you don't believe, I'll soon—
[*Going.*]

Reub. (L. c.) Pray, stay.

Mrs. G. Will you not see her?

Reub. Not immediately. I have taken the freedom, madam, of appointing a gentleman to meet me here. Till he arrives, with your leave I'll retire. These rooms are hot and close—I am used to fresh air.

Mrs. G. Miss Somers seems to have suffered much.

Reub. [*Smiles.*] Tell her, her sufferings will soon end.
[*Exit, L.*]

Enter ROSALIE, R.

Rosa. Pardon, dear madam, this intrusion, but I thought I heard a well-known voice.

Mrs. G. 'Twas Reuben Glenroy's.

Rosa. Did he know I was here?

Mrs. G. Yes.

Rosa. Would he not see me?

Mrs. G. He certainly declined it. I mentioned your sufferings; he smiled, and said they would soon end.

Rosa. Smiled! Indeed, indeed, I've not deserved it.
[*Weeps.*]

Mrs. G. Sincerely, I believe you.

Rosa. But pray let me tell you my sad story, madam, pray do.

Mrs. G. Were it for the removing of my doubts of your conduct, I should forbid it; but being to gratify your own delicacy, I entreat it.

Rosa. Thank you, madam.

Enter ROBERT, L.

Rob. Mr. Plastic, madam. [Exit, L.]

Plas. [*Without.*] Very well, I'll wait for him.

Rosa. Ah! [Shrieks.]

Mrs. G. What causes—

Rosa. Tis he, 'tis he! The wretch that tore me from my friends.

Mrs. G. You must mistake. This is Mr. Plastic.

Rosa. Whatever be his name, 'tis he, indeed. Oh, save me from him!

Mrs. G. You are safe.

Rosa. I tremble so—pray allow me to retire.

Mrs. G. By all means. [*Exit Rosalie, R.*] So, my honourable lover! I blush at my levity.

Enter PLASTIC, L.

Plas. (c.) My dear Mrs. Glenroy, I am happy to meet you, to apologize for a seeming inattention.

Mrs. G. (R. c.) Oh, doubtless, sir, more pleasing avocations—

Plas. Nay, that's cruel. But you seem disturbed. Won't you favor me with your confidence?

Mrs. G. Have you not enough of your own?

Plas. I give you my honour—

Mrs. G. How generous! having no further occasion for it yourself

Plas. Come, come, you know I've lost my heart.

Mrs. G. Advertise it—a small reward will bring it back—particularly, as you may safely add, 'tis of no value but to the owner.

Plas. Madam, you compel me to be serious.

Mrs. G. I'm sorry for it, as it compels me to be so. You are a villain!

Plas. You had better teach your husband that word.

Mrs. G. Oh, you are not worth a soldier's anger, much less a soldier's sword; and, in return for the virtuous principles you aimed to instil into this thoughtless, but innocent breast, know, sir, that when heaven ordained that chastity should be "the jewel of our souls," it gave for its defenders religion and honour: those sentinels (spite of my levity) I hope I have cherished, and can report to my beloved commander that the citadel is impregnable. Miss Somers, sir—you may well start—she is in that room.

Plas. Indeed! Madam, 'tis essential to my happiness that I see Miss Somers immediately.

Mrs. G. You shall not, sir.

Plas. What on earth can prevent me?

Mrs. G. Good breeding. [*He bows.*] Who, after this, shall dare to censure polished society, when its laws can chain him down, who would have spurned at all stops of virtue and honour?

Enter REUBEN, CAPTAIN GLENROY, and COSEY, L.

Capt. G. See, brother, Mr. Plastic is here.

Reub. Now then, sister, I will ask permission of Miss Somers to address a few words to her.

Mrs. Glenroy leads in ROSALIE, R.

Madam, you may remember, I vowed to you that my life should be devoted to the promoting of your happiness; and, though you have been pleased to disregard your promise, I am come to prove that I have not forgotten mine.

Rosa. Reuben!

Reub. Pray, do not speak. I think, if I do not hear your voice, I shall be better able to discharge this last duty. This letter, madam, which you addressed to me—my heart having got thoroughly acquainted with its contents—I have the honour of restoring to you.

Rosa. Ah! not signed!

[*Casts a look of indignation at Plastic.*]

Reub. And in this paper you will find the fulfilment of your hopes, the consummation of your happiness:—and that you may be happy, will be the latest wish this heart can throb with, the last petition my tongue can utter.

Cosey. And, that your joy may be perfect, here are the valuable title-deeds of your estate. I also wish you every—damn it, I can't lie!

Rosa. Oh, madam, I shrink from the situation I am placed in.

Mrs. G. Take courage, my sweet girl—your happiness, your innocence, demand its exertion.

Rosa. Pray don't leave me! [*Collects herself.*] First, this, your letter, Mr. Plastic, the sentiments of which caused a blush while my hand traced them, and from which you have basely withheld your name, I shall retain, to clear my fame with those friends, if any such remain, who love me.

Capt. G. Did you hear?

Rosa. For this marriage promise, so singular, so unfashionable, the best service I can do will be to class it with the promises you are in the habit of making, by thus rendering it—nothing. [*Tears it.*] These, I am told, are of great value—alas! of none to me, unless Reuben—[*Bends to him, presenting the deeds.*]—Rosalie will never wound the heart that loves her!

Reub. [*In silence raises her.*] She's true—she's true! [*Rushes into her arms.*] My life, my soul, my Rosalie! Sacred be our vows! eternal our loves! [*Leads her up, L.*

Cosey. Huzza! huzza! Stocks are up again! May you ever be as happy as—damn it! as I am now. Poor fellow!

Mrs. G. Poor, indeed! when I know a certain old gentleman who intends making him his heir.

Cosey. And what right have you to suppose that old gentleman such a curséd ninny! Make him my heir! What, give him my money, when I can't see him enjoy it? No, not such a fool as that. [*To Plastic.*] Why, I say, you seem to be what I call rather lame-duckish!

Plas. Pray, don't suppose these accidents can affect my spirits, or shake my reputation. No! thanks to the hurry, dash, and confusion of St. James's Street, the tale will pass as rapidly as the carriage which contains the subject of it. [*Exit Plastic, L.*

Cosey. You are mistaken. Distinction between right and wrong are not yet so confounded. [*Reuben, Rosalie, Captain Glenroy, and Mrs. Glenroy advance.*] Reuben—Rosalie, my sweet girl, accept the blessing of your old guardian, while he thus consigns you to the arms of a new one.

Reub. How shall I thank you for the inestimable gift?

Capt. G. Or how shall I express my sense of that benevolence which has saved me from ruin; and, aided by a brother's kind admonition, taught me how to value the principles of real honour, and the charms of domestic felicity?

Cosey. No more of my benevolence, I beseech you. We are bound in this life to make each other as happy as we can, and there's an end.

Reub. Your goodness, sir, has made us so completely

happy, that our contentment can now receive but one increase—the overpaying and encouraging reward conferred by the approbation of our indulgent auditors.

Cosey. Ha! that would, indeed, make us, what I call comfortable!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF
THE CURTAIN.

CAPT. G.
R.

MRS. G.

COSEY.

REUBEN.

ROSALIE.
L.

THE END.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA,

Price 12 1-2 Cents each.—Already published,

VOL. I.

1. Ion.
2. Fazio; or, The Italian Wife.
3. The Lady of Lyons.
4. Richeieu; or, The Conspiracy.
5. The Wife; a Tale of Mantua.
6. The Honey Moon.
7. The School for Scandal.
8. Money.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mrs.

A. C. MOHATT.

VOL. II.

9. The Stranger.
10. Grandfather Whitehead.
11. Richard III.
12. Love's Sacrifice.
13. The Gamester.
14. A Cure for the Heartache.
15. The Hunchback.
16. Don Caesar De Bazan.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr.
CHARLES KEAY.

VOL. III.

17. The Poor Gentleman.
18. Hamlet.
19. Charles II; or, The Merry Monarch.
20. Venice Preserved.
21. Pizarro.
22. The Love Chase.
23. Othello.
24. Land Me Five Shillings.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr.
H. E. BURTON.

VOL. IV.

25. Virginius. By J. S. Knowles.
26. The King of the Commons.
27. London Assurance.
28. The Rival Do.
29. The Gentleman of Verona.
30. The Jealous Wife.
31. The Rival.
32. Perfection.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr.
J. H. HICKETT.

VOL. V.

33. A New Way to Pay Old Debts.
34. Luck Be with You Leap.
35. King John.
36. The New-Found Man.
37. Dangerous Partners.
38. The Card-Sharing Marriage.
39. Wall in the Road.
40. The Day After the Wedding.

With a Portrait and Memoir of
GEO. MANNING.

VOL. VI.

41. Speed the Plough.
42. Romeo and Juliet.
43. Feudal Times.
44. Charles the Twelfth.
45. The Bridal.
46. The Follies of a Night.
47. The Iron Chest.
48. Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Sir E.
BULWER LYTTON.

VOL. VII.

49. Road to Ruin.
50. Macbeth.
51. Temper.
52. Evadne.
53. Bertram.
54. The Duenna.
55. Much Ado About Nothing.
56. The Critic.

With a Portrait and Memoir of R. E.
SHERIDAN.

VOL. VIII.

57. The Apotheosis.
58. Twelfth Night.
59. Brutus.
60. Simpson & Co.
61. Merchant of Venice.
62. Old Heads and Young Hearts.
63. Money and Love.
64. Three Weeks After Marriage.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mr.
GEO. H. BARRITT.

VOL. IX.

65. Love.
66. A Year Like It.
67. The Frier Brother.
68. Worn.
69. Group.
70. Love and Country.
71. King Lear.
72. Blue Devils.

With a Portrait and Memoir of Mrs.
SHAW.

VOL. X.

73. Henry VIII.
74. The Lone Single.
75. Henry IV.
76. The Play.
77. The Marriage.
78. Six Months and Waves.

On a Remittance of One Dollar, free of postage, Ten copies of any of the plays will be sent by mail.

M. DOUGLAS, 11 Spruce Street, N. Y.



0 014 528 472 7

THE MINOR

UNIFORM WITH THE "MODERN STANDARD DRAMA."

With the view of giving completeness to their design of supplying the public with all the best dramatic works that keep possession of the stage, the publisher of the "Modern Standard Drama" have commenced the "MINOR DRAMA," in which series will be embraced all those Minor Stock Pieces, Farces, Vaudevilles, and Burlettas, which could not properly be classed under the former title.

The "Minor Drama" will be printed uniform with the "Modern Standard Drama," and every number will be embellished with a spirited Engraving, illustrative of some prominent scene. All the old stock after-pieces, together with all new ones of decided merit, will be embraced in this subsidiary series, and issued from the press in rapid succession.

The following have been already published :

VOL. I.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. THE IRISH ATTORNEY. | 5. THE DEAD SHOT. |
| 2. BOOTS AT THE SWAN. | 6. HIS LAST LEGS. |
| 3. HOW TO PAY THE RENT. | 7. The INVISIBLE PRINCE. |
| 4. THE LOAN OF A LOVER. | 8. The GOLDEN FARMER. |

With a Portrait and Memoir of MR. JOHN SEFTON.

VOL. II.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 9. The Pride of the Market. | 13. Luke the Labourer. |
| 10. Used Up. | 14. Beauty and the Beast. |
| 11. The Irish Tutor. | 15. St. Patrick's Eve. |
| 12. The Barrack Room. | 16. Captain of the Watch. |

With a Portrait and Memoir of MISS C. WEMYSS.

VOL. III.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| 17. The Secret. | 21. Box and Cox. |
| 18. White Horse of the Peppers. | 22. Bamboozling. |
| 19. The Jacobite. | 23. Widow's Victim. |
| 20. The Bottle. | 24. Robert Macaire. |

With a Portrait and Memoir of MR. F. S. CHANFRAU.


VOL. IV.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 25. Secret Service. | 29. The Old Guard. |
| 26. Omnibus. | 30. Raising the Wind.] |
| 27. Irish Lion. | 31. Slasher and Crasher. |
| 28. Maid of Croissey. | 32. Naval Engagements. |

With a Portrait and Memoir of MISS ROSE TELBIN

Price 12 1-2 Cents each

M. DOUGLAS, 11 Spruce St., N. Y.

 On a Remittance of One Dollar, free of postage, Ten copies of any of the plays will be sent by mail.